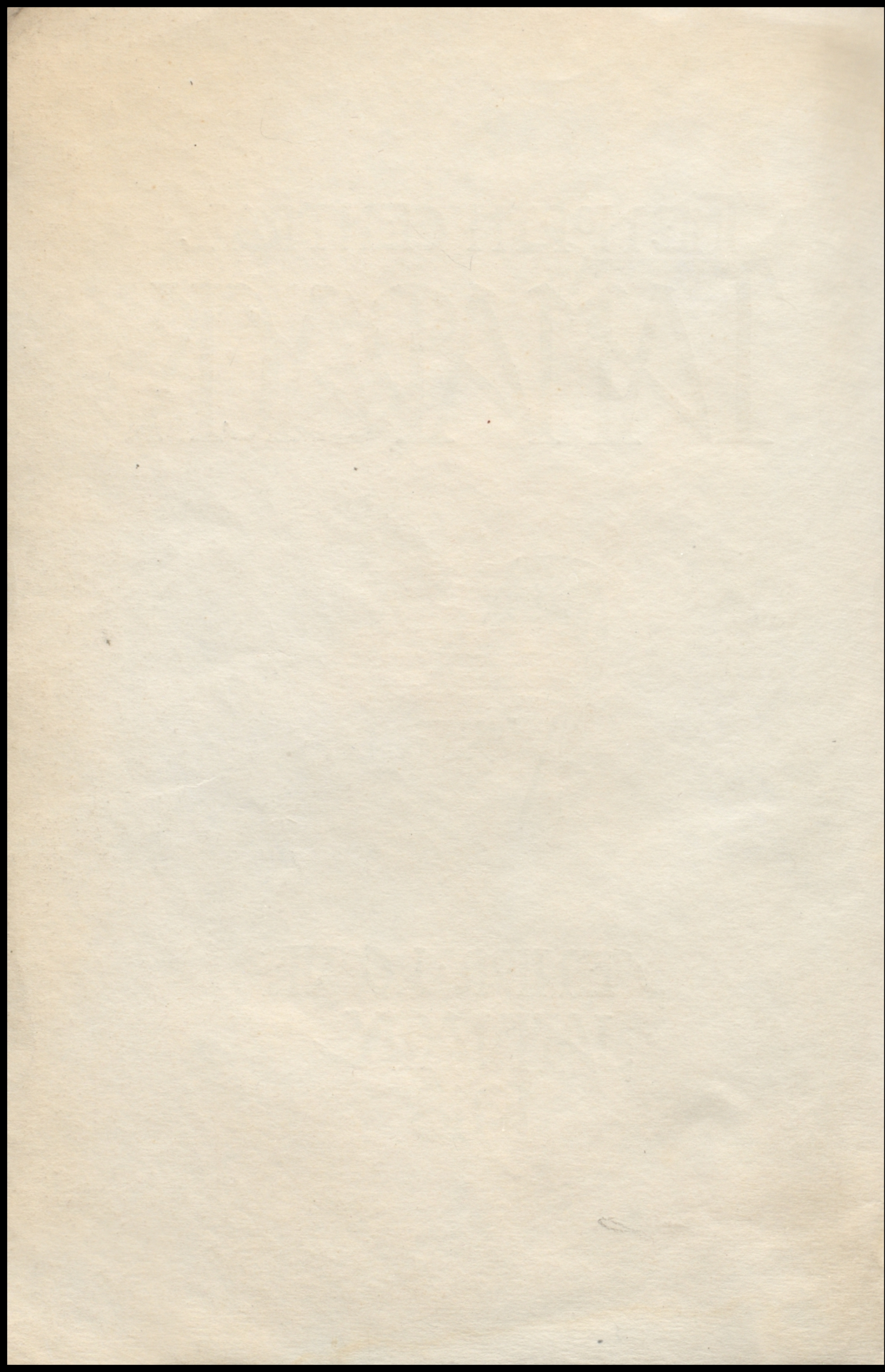


THE NORTH CENTRAL TAMARACK



SENIOR ISSUE
JANUARY
1918



CLASSMATES

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CLASSMATES

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Maude McLaughlin

To North Central's valiant sons whose devotion to the Ideals of Liberty, Justice, and Humanity has been nobly expressed by the surrender of their all to the cherished cause of Democracy, this issue of The North Central Tamarack is respectfully dedicated by the Members of the Graduating Class.

Edward Biganess

Bob Irvine

Leonard Paul

Carl Pearson

Frank Watt

Wallace Burch

James Ferr

Margaret Hagle Jan '10

E. H. Kiffin Jan '10

Helen James

Chas. E. G.

Paul Daughlin

Alice Hall

Ruby Benson

Felicia Burston

Alene Babb

Quada Little Jan '99

Albert Collins

Milton Mathews

Clarence King

S. L. Moyer

Walter Hocking

Elyse Cap Daniel

J. A. Leaker

To a Lad in Khaki

By Elliott Corbell

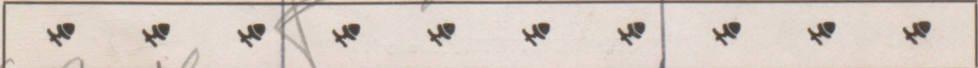
Oh, laughing lad in khaki,
A-marching down the street,
When shall we see your face again,
Or hear your hurrying feet?

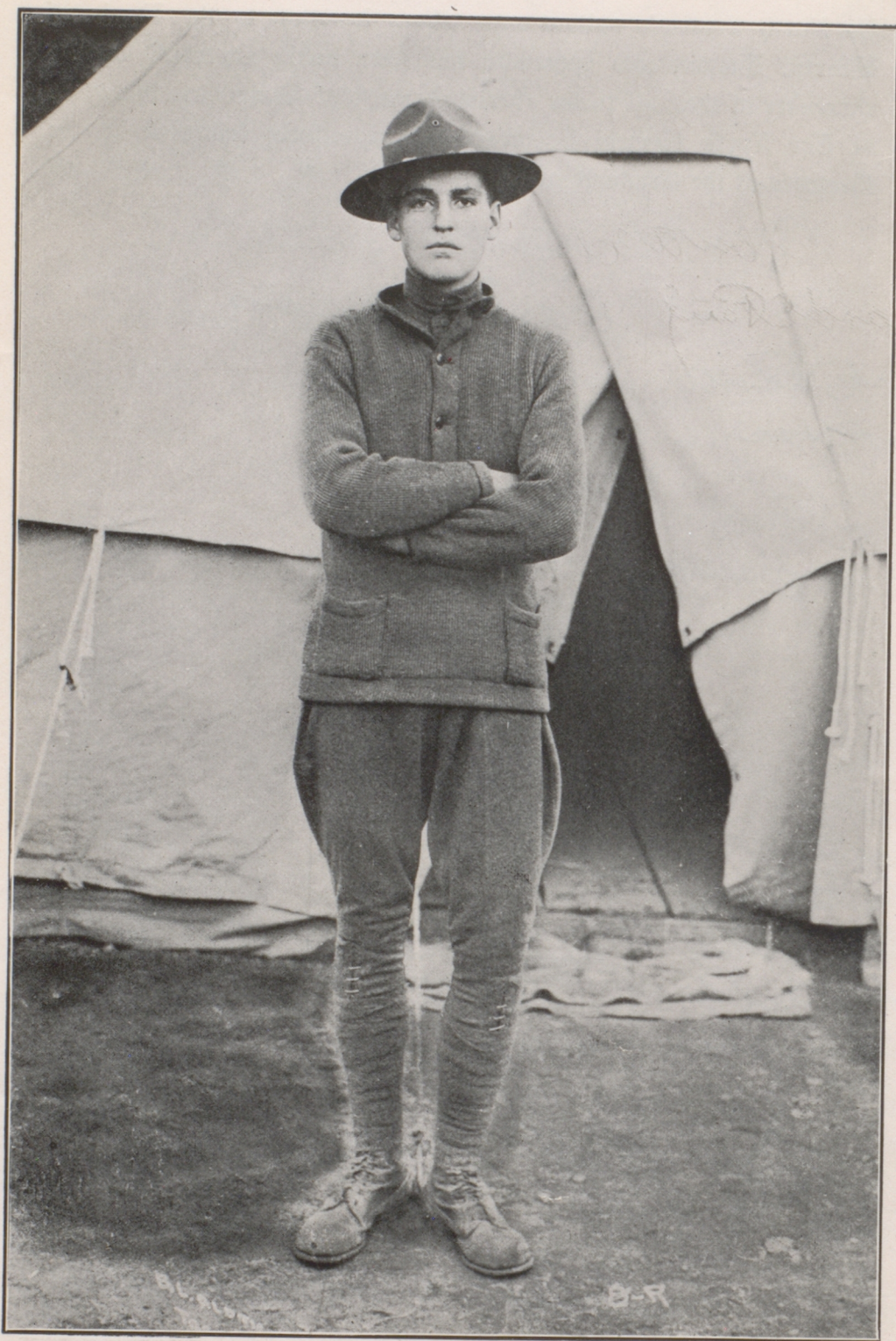
Oh, dauntless lad in khaki,
Fear not the Afghan's brand,
Trust in the God of battles, and
The rifle in your hand!

Oh, silent lad in khaki,
A-lying there so white,
Only the dead around you,
In the dreary battle night:

Heaven rest you, lad in khaki,
Asleep there on the sod,
Who gave your good young life away
For Liberty, and God!

(?)

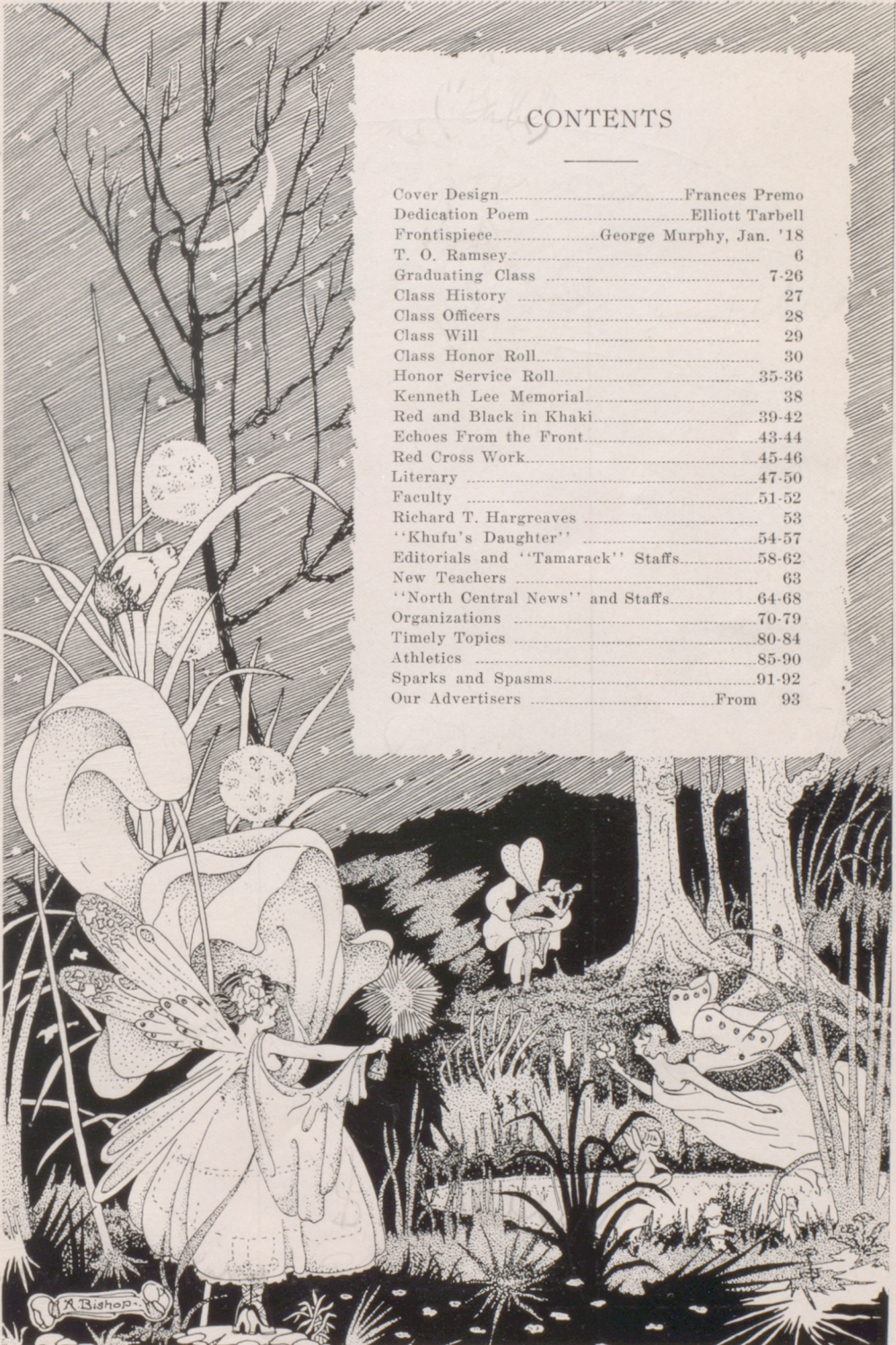




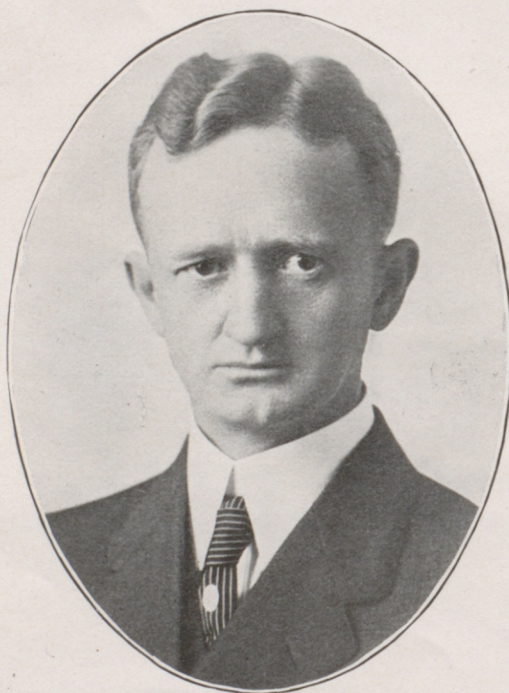
GEORGE MURPHY, January '18

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Seniors



T. O. RAMSEY, Class Director

GLADYS LAURINE AXTELL

Household Arts Course

"Dance of the Nations," '14

"Dance of the Months," '15

EDWIN R. ANDERSON

Scientific Course

Baseball, '16, '17

Class Football, '16, '17

Scrubs, '16, '17

Deltas

Junior Grand Master Deltas, '17

Engineering Society

Athletic Editor "Tamarack," '17

MARY LOIS ARMSTRONG

Commercial Course

Entered from Lewis and Clark, '16

Inter-Class Debate, First Prize, '17

Class Will Committee

"Tamarack" Stenographer, '17

HARRY ACORD

General Course

Entered from Gonzaga, '17

La Tertulia

Treasurer La Tertulia, '17

Kodak Club

Deltas

Class Football, '17





FLORENCE AUDREY FRISBY

General Course

Honor Roll

"Dance of the Months," '15

"Dance of the Nations," '14

Completed course in three and one-half years

FRANK M. HIGGINS

General Course

Deltas

Agendas

Yell Leader Class, '15

Class Basketball, '15, '16, '17

Class Debate, '14

Class Prophecy Committee

Circulation Manager "Tamarack," '17

Class Play

ANNA LUCY BIDOGGIA

Commercial Course

PHILIP LYCETTE

General Course

Sphinx

State Debates, '16, '17

Triangle Debate with Walla Walla

Class Orator

Editorial Editor "Tamarack," '17

Completed course in three and one-half years

Honor Roll

HUGH RICHARDSON
General Course

Football Captain, '17
Football, '15, '16
Deltas
Junior Grand Master Deltas, '16
Senior Grand Master Deltas, '17
Class President, '17
Engineering Society
President Engineering Society
Agendas
Vice-President Agendas

ESTELLA SWANSON
Commercial Course

MARGARET SELLARS
Scientific Course

"Dance of the Months," '15
"One May Day," '16
Kodak Club
Sans Souci

EDNA FLORENCE NORWICK
Household Arts Course

Kodak Club
Treasurer Kodak Club, '17





FRANCIS F. MORIARTY

Scientific Course

Entered from Gonzaga, '15

Deltas

Class Yell Leader, '17

Class Play

Class Basketball, '15, '16, '17

Class Football, '16

Track, '16, '17

Class Will Committee

VIOLA E. GERHAUSER

General Course

Entered from Star High School, '15

CHARLES WOODS NASH

General Course

Deltas

Engineering Society

La Tertulia

President La Tertulia, '17

Rifle Club

First Sergeant Rifle Club, '17

Class Prophecy Committee

Joke Editor "Tamarack," '17

Completed course in three and one-half years

FREDA CLAIRE DUFFE

Household Arts Course

NIHL, D. ANGELL

Manual Arts Course

Engineering Society

President Engineering Society, '17

Deltas

Vice-President Class, '16

GARNETTE J. FERGUSON

Commercial Course

"Dance of the Months," '15

"Midsummer Nights' Dream," '17

Commercial Club

Secretary Commercial Club, '17

Tennis Club

President Tennis Club, '15, '16, '17

Tennis Champion, '14, '15, '16, '17

BURDETTE HOWARD

Commercial Course

Deltas

Deltas' Social Committee, '17

Commercial Club

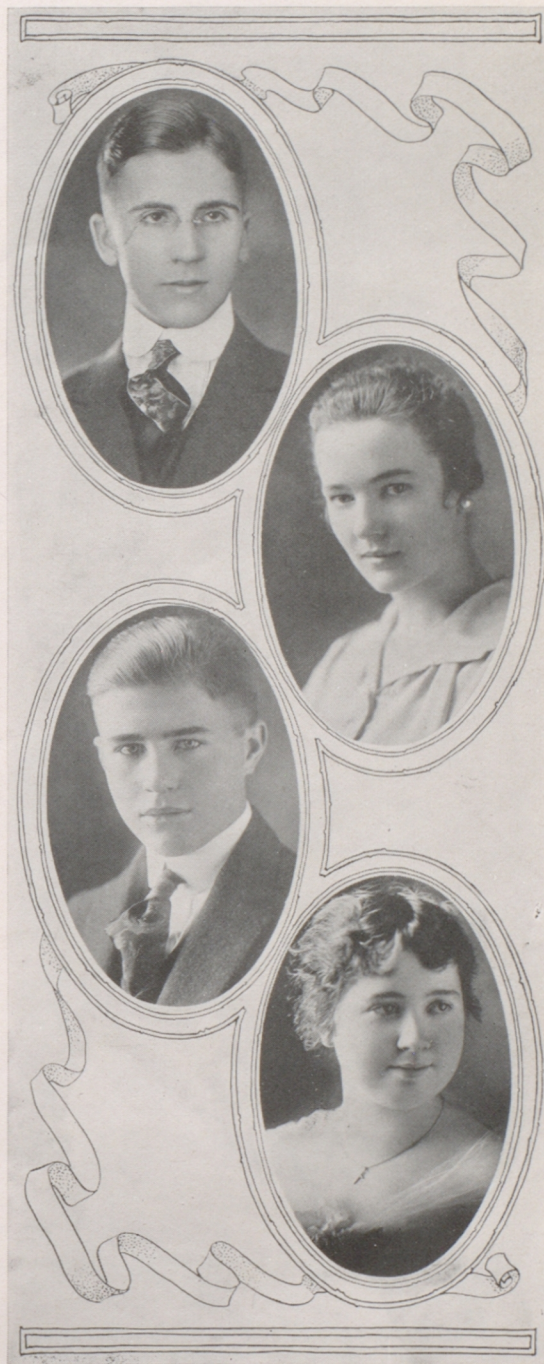
President Commercial Club, '16, '17

Sergeant-at-Arms Class, '16, '17

JENNIE ESTHER DUDLEY

Household Arts Course

Chemistry Club

First Prize Winner in "Tamarack" Essay
Contest, '16Completed course in three and one-half
years



LOWELL COLBY CHAMBERLAIN
Manual Arts Course

Deltas
Engineering Society
Agendas
Rifle Club
Class Basketball, '15, '16, '17
Tennis, '16
Track, '17

VIRGINIA COOPER
Scientific Course

Mathematics Club
Glee Club
"Khufu's Daughter," '17
Class President, '16
Class Vice-President, '17
Class Treasurer, '17

ARTHUR E. BECKER
Manual Arts Course

Rifle Club
Engineering Society
Chemistry Club

NELLIE AGNES GOWER
Classical Course

Honor Roll
S. P. Q. R.
Organization Editor "Tamarack," '16
Class History Committee
Class Orator

LEONORE LAMARSH

Commercial Course

Sans Souci

"Dance of the Months," '15

Class Reporter, '16

"Tamarack" Stenographer, '17

PAUL BOYINGTON

General Course

Band

Glee Club

"Khufu's Daughter," '17

ANNASUE HUGHES

General Course

Charter Member La Tertulia

Secretary La Tertulia

Vice-President La Tertulia

"La Sorpresa de Isodoro," '17

School Editor "News," '17

Editor-in-Chief of "Tamarack," '17

JACOB JOSEPH KARTHEISER

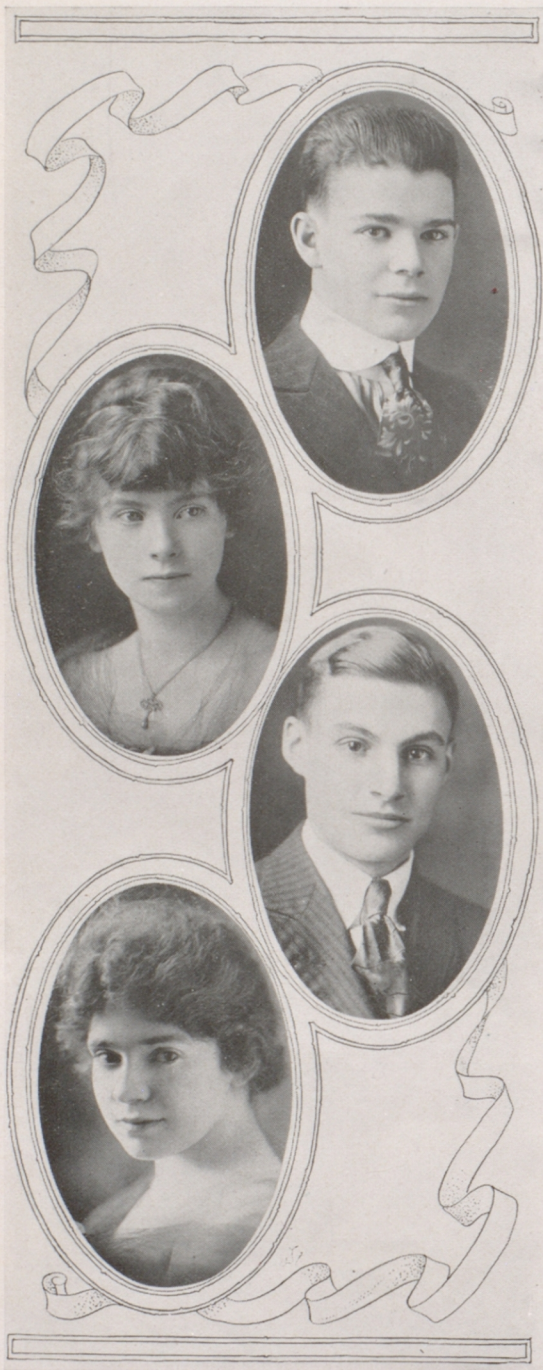
General Course

Entered from Spirit Lake High School.
'16

Rifle Club

Class Football, '17

Completed course in three and one-half
years



JOHN GARNETT CULLITON
Scientific Course

Agendas
Deltas
Rifle Club
First Lieutenant Rifle Club, '16
Kodak Club
President Kodak Club, '16
Class Basket Ball, '15, '16
Circulation Manager "News," '17
Class Play

VIVIAN CUPERNELL
General Course

Mathematics Club
Reporter Mathematics Club, '17
Class Will Committee

DALE MELVIN BAIRD
General Course

Deltas
Chemistry Club
Engineering Society
Captain Class Basketball, '14, '15
Property Manager Class Play

KATE BURKHART
Commercial Course

Inter-Class Debate, '17
Vice-President Class, '17
Secretary Class, '16, '17
"Tamarack" Stenographer, '17
Class Prophecy Committee

MARIE KATHRYN MALONEY

Scientific Course

Entered from Holy Names, '16

CAVOUR ROBINSON

Scientific Course

Tennis, '15, '17

Masque

Glee Club

Deltas

Delta "High Jinks," '17

Chemistry Club

"Gaucho Land," '15

"You Never Can Tell," '16

"Khufu's Daughter," '17

VIOLET RIEK

Household Arts Course

First on Honor Roll

Sans Souci

Class Orator

TREMAINE J. SMITH

General Course

Class Orator

Class Play Committee

Masque

Masque Play, '17

Masque Declamation Contest, '17

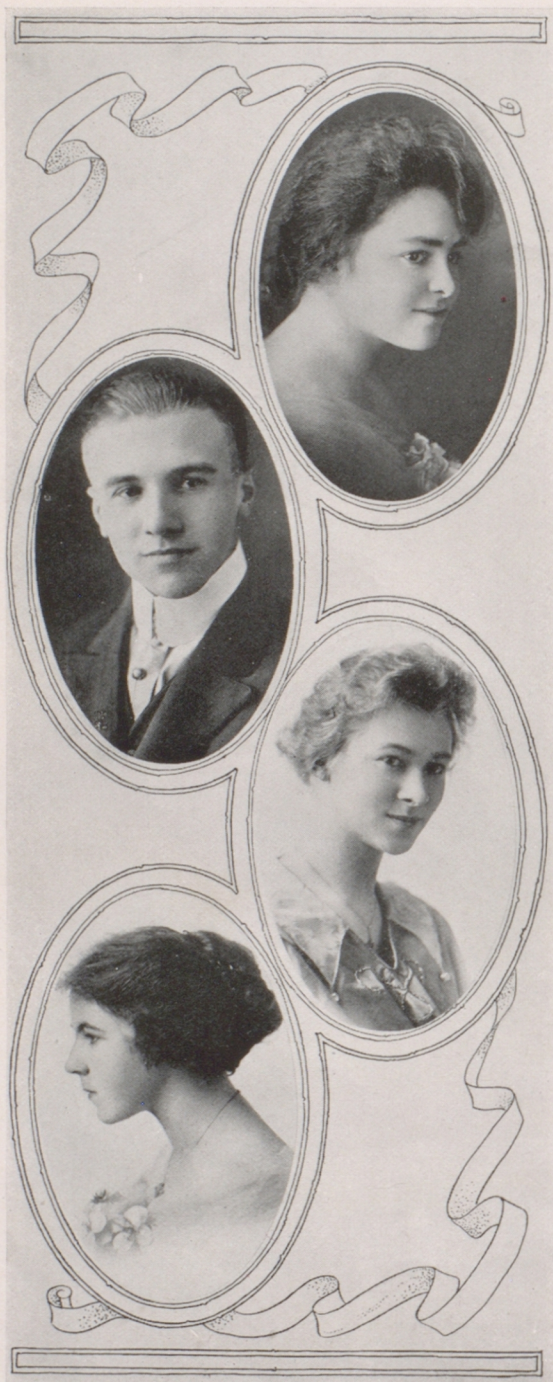
Senior Play June, '14

Cards and Announcement Committee

Class Play

Masque Christmas Play, '17





LUCILE REED

General Course

Vox Puellarum
Kodak Club
Glee Club
Vice-President Glee Club, '15
Vice-President Class, '15
"Gaucho Land," '15
"Pocahontas," '16
"Khufu's Daughter," '17
Class Play Committee
Cards and Announcement Committee

FRANK KOEHL BOSCHE

Manual Arts Course

OLGA HOLM

Classical Course

La Tertulia
Completed course in three and one-half
years

MYRTLE ELEANOR SMITH

General Course

Honor Roll
Sans Souci
Corresponding Secretary Sans Souci, '17
"Dance of the Months," '15
Prize Poem "Tamarack" Contest, '16
Chemistry Club
Poetry Class
Completed course in three and one-half
years

KATE PEARL LAPINSKY

Commercial Course

Class Debate Team, Champions, '17
Class Reporter, '17
Poetry Class, '17
First Prize "Tamarack" Ad. Contest, '17
Stenographer "News," '17
Chief Stenographer "Tamarack" '17
"Dance of the Months," '15

GEORGE T. MATSUDA

Classical Course

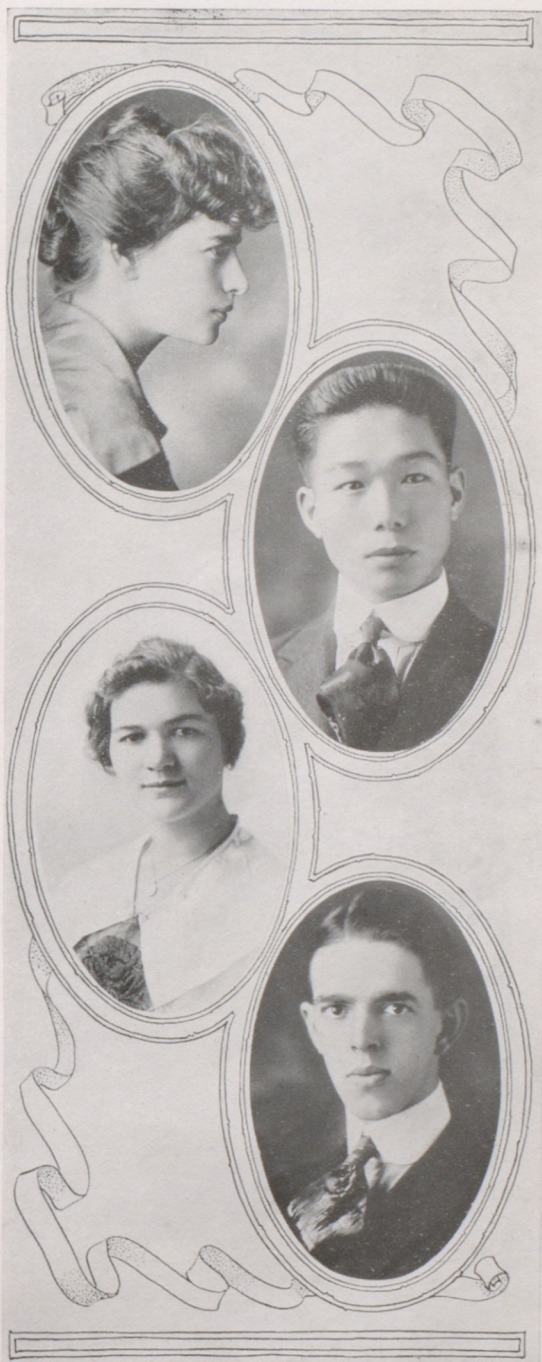
Class Reporter, '16
Class Debates, '16
Coach Class Debates, '17
State Debate Squad, '16
Reporter Sphinx, '16
Treasurer Sphinx, '17
Organizer S. P. Q. R., '16
Class Reporter, '17
Library Board, '17
Class History Committee

GERTRUDE HEINE

Commercial Course

ALBIN HELLNER

General Course





IRENE MARIE TERRY

Household Arts Course

"Dance of the Seasons," '16

Class Will Committee

Class Play

ANNA M. VEHR

Household Arts Course

Chemistry Club

Completed course in three and one-half
years

ELSIE MAE MEYER

Household Arts Course

Class Prophecy Committee

Class Play

PHILURA MARY BOYD

General Course

"Dance of the Nations," '14

"Dance of the Months," '15

Completed course in three and one-half
years

GEORGE FREDERICK McKAY

Scientific Course

Band, '16
Glee Club
Orchestra, '15, '16, '17
Leader Second Orchestra, '17
"Gaucha Land," '15
"Pocahontas," '16
"Khufu's Daughter," '17
Honor Letter

DOROTHY DECH

Household Arts Course

CECIL D. NOTTAGE

General Course

Deltas
Indoor Baseball, '15, '16
Class Basketball, '15
Scenic Artist "Khufu's Daughter," '17
Stage Manager Class Play

CARRIE MAY HORTON

Commercial Course

Commercial Club
"Dance of the Nations," '15
"Tamarack" Stenographer, '17





HOMER EGGERTH

Commercial Course

Freshman Debate, '13

Debate with Vera, '17

DELIA HAMMER

General Course

Vice-President Class, '15

Treasurer Class, '17

Secretary Class, '17

Corresponding Secretary Masque, '17

Masque Christmas Play, '17

Property Manager Masque Play, '17

Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club, '16

Vox Puellarum

"Gaucho Land," '15

"Pocahontas," '16

"Khufu's Daughter," '17

"Dance of the Months," '15

Class Prophecy Committee

Honor Letter

CARL M. HANSEN

Manual Arts Course

Edison Club

MURIEL CAROLINE ANDERSON

Commercial Course

Entered from Lewis and Clark

"Tamarack" Stenographer, '17

Completed course in three and one-half years

CATHERINE ELIZABETH BEARD

General Course
"Tamarack" Artist, '17
Poetry Class

LEO WILSON

Commercial Course
Honor Roll
Commercial Club

REBA JAUNITA WARREN

Commercial Course
Commercial Club
Sans Souci
Secretary Sans Souci, '16
President Sans Souci, '16
Mathematics Club
Secretary Mathematics Club, '17
"Dance of the Months," '15
"One May Day," '16

ETHEL ROGELL

Commercial Course
Vox Puellarum
Commercial Club
Vice-President Club, '17
Treasurer Commercial Club, '16
President Library Board, '17
Reporter Library Board, '17
Tennis Club
Runner-up in Tennis, '17
Class History Committee





LAMORA McDONALD

Classical Course

Honor Roll
 Secretary Die Germantische Gesell-
 schaft, '17
 S. P. Q. R.
 Secretary S. P. Q. R.
 Masque
 Class Reporter, '15
 Class History Committee
 Organization Editor "Tamarack," '17
 Class Play

WEAVER W. HESS

General Course

Entered from Manual Arts High School,
 Los Angeles

ISABEL MATHER

General Course

Cards and Announcement Committee

EDWIN B. RATHBUN

General Course

Deltas
 Agendas
 Engineering Society
 Chemistry Club
 Class Football, '16, '17
 Second Team, '16
 Football, '17
 Class Basketball, '14, '15, '17
 Class Will Committee
 Stage Carpenter Class Play

MARION OTHMER

General Course

Sans Souci

"Dance of the Months," '15

ZONA FRANCES PARKER

General Course

Chemistry Club

"Dance of the Months," '15

MINNA ELIZABETH HALL

Classical Course

Honor Roll

ETHEL ALLEVIA HURLEY

General Course

Sans Souci

"One May Day," '16





LUCILE MAY SMITH

Household Arts Course

Kodak Club

"News" Staff

RUTH JANET McLEAN

Household Arts Course

"Dance of the Nations," '14

"Dance of the Months," '15

"Queen of the May," '17

Cards and Announcement Committee

FRANCES CAROLYN MILLER

Commercial Course

Commercial Club

Vice-President Commercial Club, '17

Tennis Club, '15

"Tamarack" Stenographer, '17

MARION BLANCHARD

Household Arts Course

"Midsummer Night's Dream," '17

Kodak Club

President Kodak Club, '17

RALPH W. CHRISTIE
Commercial Course

Deltas
Engineering Society
Commercial Club
Football, '16, '17
Class Football, '16, '17

MARION RUTH ALLEN
General Course

Sans Souci
Treasurer San Souci, '17

ERNEST EUGENE CABLE
General Course

Deltas
Agendas
Engineering Society
Kodak Club
Rifle Club
Class Treasurer, '16
Tennis

OLIVE ESTELLE DUNPHY
Household Arts Course

"Dance of the Months," '15
"One May Day," '16
"Midsummer Nights' Dream," '17
"Dance of the Allies," '17





ELIZABETH BISE

General Course

Entered from Lewis and Clark, '17
Die Germanische Gesellschaft

EDNA ROBINSON

Scientific Course

Sans Souci
Treasurer Sans Souci, '16
Art Editor "Tamarack," '17

TO NORTH CENTRAL

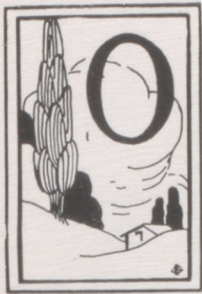
By Elizabeth Beard

*We're a happy band of workers!
Every one
Eager for his share of study
And of fun.
Upward we have plodded ever,
Day by day,
("Grind," and "shark," and—"not-so-clever")
On our way.*

*Leaving here, yet keeping ever
Love for you;
Love of honest, true endeavor
Taught by you.
Now that all the work is over
And we've won,
Lo, we find that life's real labor's
Just begun!*

*So, with loyalty forever
To North High,
Seniors of this January
Bid, good-bye!*

Class History



ON THE second day of February nineteen hundred and fourteen, about two hundred and eighty little strangers landed in the Region of Intellectual Cultivation, which is situated on the North Side of the City of Spokane.

This was a very famous Region. Its fame had spread all over the Northwest for the chivalry of its warriors and the good fellowship among its inhabitants. These newcomers soon came to be known as the Class of January '18. The strange atmosphere and unfamiliar objects in this Region impressed them greatly. Their intellectual pathway was new, unaccustomed and uncertain, often hampered by "immovable objects" such as Algebra, Latin, and Ancient History. It was the darkest age in their history. Nevertheless, one half year of strangeness and ignorance of the Region's affairs was safely passed.

One bright September morning of the same year ushered the infants into a New Era of Recognition. The Class no longer remained in obscurity. Under the able directorship of Miss Jessie Gibson, it drew up a constitution and harmoniously effected an organization. In December, in order to become better acquainted with each other, its members held a banquet in the gymnasium, which began the development of a feeling of good fellowship within the Class itself. From that moment, the Class decidedly distinguished itself by an enthusiastic loyalty above the average.

The lapse of another half year saw the period of strangeness and ignorance swallowed up "without a trace"—excepting the report cards. The world was forced to recognize that the members of the Class had exceptional ability on field and track, platform, and stage, and in

the knowledge of higher strategy in all lines of school activity.

Late in May, as a relief from continuous toil and diligence, the Class was entertained at a picnic at Minnehaha Park. The warm afternoon sun shone over the band of maidens and youths, who were enjoying relaxation, far away from daily tasks. Until twilight, "they gamboled on the green" and turned homeward with a feeling of having lived a never-to-be-forgotten day.

Judging from the foregoing stories, it may seem that their journey abounded with delight, and that its pathway was always rose-strewn. But, many a time, rough and difficult passes confronted them, and lofty mountains had to be climbed. Through years of alternating toil and relaxation, they advanced and at last passed into the Golden Age of Peace and Happiness, known as the Senior year.

According to custom, the sojourners were to entertain the Senior A's at a picnic at a near-by lake. While they were busily engaged in giving candy sales and making special assessments, the dark shadow of war enshrouded the nation. The immediate effect was the response by many patriotic members of the Class to the nation's call for men. The loss by enlistment was most keenly felt by the successive departure of two Class presidents, George Murphy and Harold Parks. From that moment, the history of the Class was the history of sacrifice.

Late in May a resolution was unanimously passed providing that fifty dollars, the amount raised for the Senior outing, be donated to the local chapter of the American Red Cross.

On returning for the final round of duties in September, the Class found the atmosphere of the Region charged with the patriotic spirit of its inhabitants. They were ready to do their best in whatever way they could for the nation's



VICE-PRES. • KATE BURKHART



SECRETARY • DELIA HAMMER



TREASURER • VIRGINIA COOPER



PRESIDENT • HUGH RICHARDSON



REPORTER • KATE LAPINSKY



YELL LEADER • FRANCIS MORIARTY

CLASS

OFFICERS

THE

Class Will



LEST there be some in our midst of a quarrelsome disposition who covetously wish to receive the lion's share of the property, both personal and otherwise, which we, the Class of January '18 do own or profess to own, and lest trouble and strife enter the peaceful abode to whose welfare we have contributed so much, and feeling that our demise is imminent, owing to the burdens and cares which weight our slight shoulders and oppress our minds, we, the CLASS OF JAN. '18, being of a sound though somewhat infantile mind, do hereby make our last will and testament:

To the Class in Journalism we leave all notes written by us this term that they may be printed for public inspection in the "News."

To the Senior B's we leave our seats and desks in 305 on condition that they fill them as advantageously and promptly as we have been accustomed to. Also, do we leave to them all second-class gum under the seats, provided they do not remove it, but add to it for the use of future classes after "Hoover" days are over.

To the dear faculty who have been our instructors throughout our short life, a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams; for, having done their duty, verily they shall have their reward.

Our seats in convocation we leave to whoever are able to grab them first.

Our Senior dignity we leave to the Senior B's. May they uphold it with the same righteous seriousness and gravity that those going before them have done.

On this sad and heart-rending day we also leave:

To the Glee Club, the combined musical ability of Delia Hammer, George McKay, and Paul Boyington, in order that they may bolster up their performances.

To Joseph Tewinkle, Hugh Richardson leaves his football suit for use in future football games.

Upon Mr. Moyer do we bestow five gallons of "Moyer's Special" cleaner for his "white" trousers (the solution having been prepared by the Senior A members of the Chemistry Classes).

To Arno Hammer, Melvin Baird leaves his copious smile—the one that wins the girls and the teachers, hoping that he may be as successful a student as "Mel" has been.

Upon Miss Fargo does Gladys Axtel bestow her curling iron.

To Mr. Collins, we bequeath Elsie Meyer's expert knowledge of Fords with the expectation that he may sometime learn to run one.

To Miss Wilson, we bequeath Reba Warren's inquisitiveness, with a parting word that it need not be used sparingly, as there is plenty in stock.

To Percy Low, we leave "Birdie" Howard's chirp.

On Harold Hanley, we bestow George Matsuda's vampire eyes, to enable Harold to attract the admiring eyes of the girls.

To Gordon Russell, Arthur Becker leaves his formula for "How to Get Thin and How to Keep That Way."

Upon Mr. Prickett we bestow a volume of "Can's and Can't," provided he place it in his class-room, where the students can learn what they can't do without being "canned."

To the Faculty "Hop" Club, we bequeath Carl Hanson's and Philip Lyette's graceful style of dancing.

To Ben Ruehl, we leave Pete Higgins' ability to boost himself.

Upon Lillian Krone and Lucile Swan-

THE
HONOR
ROLL



MYRTLE SMITH



LAMORA McDONALD



FLORENCE FRISBY



VIOLET RIEK



MINNA HALL



NELLIE GOWER



LEO WILSON

Baccalaureate Address

Dr. E. H. Lindley, eminent psychologist and president of the University of Idaho, delivered the Baccalaureate address, Sunday, January 20, 1918. Dr. Lindley's subject was "Wealth and the Powers of Men," and was one of the most powerful discourses ever heard at North Central. Dr. Lindley, a distinguished educator and profound scholar, is a graduate of Clarke University, and a post-graduate student of Jena, Leipzig, and Heidelberg. He is author and joint-author of many philosophical and psychological treatises, and prior to his

coming west was professor of philosophy in Indiana State University.

SENIOR HONOR LETTERS

Four members of the graduating class were awarded honor letters for general excellence in scholarship and participation in student activities.

Delia Hammar received a letter for Dramatics, Philip Lycette for Debating, George McKay for Music, and Herman Pounds for Art. Herman is now at American Lake, a soldier in the National Army.

TO THE SENIORS

By Agnes Dobbs

*"Farewell, departing Seniors!
May peace abide with you
Through all the coming seasons,
In whatever you may do.*

*"In times of great temptation,
Of sorrow and regret,
Recall to mind these school days
You never should forget.*

*"'Twill ease the pain and anguish,
Inspire you anew;
'Twill brighten fresh ambitions,
And help to put you through.*

*"All you who win high honors,
And you who meet with fame,
Remember that North Central
Helped you to win your name.*

*"Your friends will not forget you,
Though time may swiftly fly.
Remember us, we ask you!
Farewell, from Old North High!"*



"The Elopement of Ellen"



Reading from left to right, the cast appeared as follows: John Culliton, "Max Ten Eyck"; Frances Moriarity, "Richard Ford"; Tremaine Smith, "John Hume"; Frank Higgins, "Bob Sheppard"; Lamora McDonald, "Dorothy March"; Miss Marguerite Motie, Dramatic Coach; Elsie Meyer, "Mrs. Richard Ford"; and Irene Terry, "June Haverhill."

Miss Marguerite Motie

Miss Marguerite Motie is director of the Senior A girls. She is herself a graduate of the Spokane schools and of the University of Washington.

Miss Motie came to North Central to fill the place vacated by Miss Marie Kelly of the Public Speaking department.

She has successfully coached the casts of "Khufu's Daughter," "Creatures of Impulse," and the Senior Class play, "The Elopement of Ellen."



W. J. SANDERS, Faculty Director of the "Tamarack"

ALL THE WORLD WONDERED

By Deane Richardson

*Half a grade, half a grade,
Half a grade onward,
Into the high school
Came our One Hundred!*

*"Forward, and use your head,
Charge for the books!" we said.
Into the high school
Came our One Hundred.*

*Forward to make our grade,
Was there a one dismayed?
No, though we students knew
Many had blundered.
Ours, not to wait and yearn;
Ours, not to teaching, spurn;
Ours, but to live and learn!
Into the high school
Came our One Hundred!*

*When can our glory fade?
O, such a record made!
All the world wondered.
Honor us, lad and lass!
Honor our Senior class—
Dauntless One Hundred!*

—Apologies to Tennyson.

The Pride of the Class

By Annasue Hughes.

The present graduating class is truly proud of those boys whose likenesses are missing among the graduate pictures. There are eight of those boys, and they have brought and will bring greater renown to their class than any scholastic honor to which the class has attained. All are in the service of their country, most of them being already in France.

Chief among them is George Murphy, twice president of his class, and a member of several clubs. He enlisted in the National Guards at the time of the Mexican trouble. Harold Parks, also at one

time president of the class, is another. LaVelle Finkelson, Louis Haxton, Juell Carlson, Carl Wallace, and Carl Goettal all volunteered at the outbreak of the war. Herman Pounds, "Tamarack" artist, is now at American Lake, and LaVerne Peterson, former business manager of "The News," has enlisted in the naval reserves and has gone to Seattle.

It is safe to say that the school will remember these boys long after memory of the rest of the class has faded, for they are on a Roll of Honor which will never be forgotten.

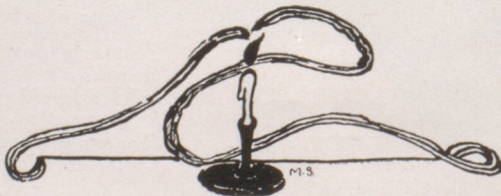
NORTH CENTRAL'S ANSWER

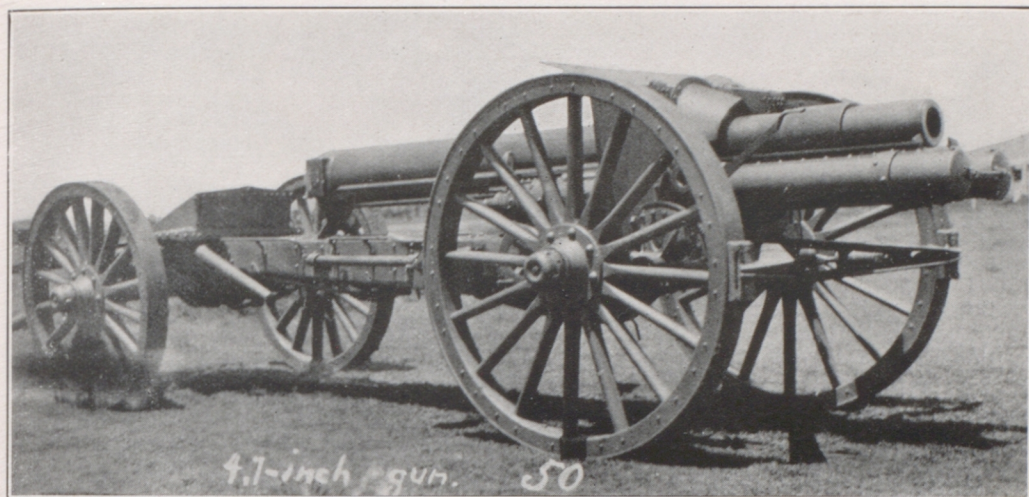
By Raymond Trow

*Over North Central's rugged halls,
A hushed silence quickly falls,
As through the country, loud and clear,
The bugle call, "To Arms," we hear,
"For Liberty."*

*With loyalty her sons respond,
And not a single one is found
Who is not true. Both rich and poor
Are glad to sacrifice all for
Democracy.*

*And so North Central's halls will be
Lonelier, till from o'er the sea,
Her lads come back once more, to learn
From her. Can't all, from this, discern
Her Loyalty?*





The Honor Service Roll

OF

North Central

Charles Abraham
Cliff Abrams
Chester V. Adams
Tom Allen
Arthur Anderson
Harold Anderson
Homer Ansley
Le Roy Armand
John Armfield
Harry Aumack
Herbert Bahnes
Morton Baker
Floyd Barker
Wyman Barker
Jerome Barline
Byron Beardsley
John Bean
William Billica
Stanley Blanchard
Armand Blenner
Signor Blum
William Boggs
Ralph Bomar
Frank Bouck
Eugene Bowers

George Bradford
Donald Briley
Elmer Britonsnider
Charles Brooks
F. Earle Butler
Newton Butterfield
Lyman Buzard
Kenneth Cable
Juell Carlson
Ralph Ceder
Martin Chamberlin
Cecil Chapman
Arthur Chillberg
Paul Cole
George Collin
Calixte Cook
Ira Cook
Robert Culver
Gilbert Cundy
Harold Cundy
Leo Cunningham
William Cunningham
Stanley Croonquist
Arthur Dahlstrom
Arthur Davenny

Walter Davis
Alfred Deibert
A. C. Delbert
Stewart Down
Ford Dunton
Forest Durst
William Dwyer
Harold Eddy
Lester Ellis
Ernest Elliot
Stanley Eslick
Lavelle Finkelson
William Fitzsimmons
Henry Flack
Richard Flack
Thomas Flack
Arthur Frick
Francis Fuller
John Garmon
Frank Geiger
James Gibbons
Floyd Glaze
Carl Goettal
Athol Gorrill
Paul Gray

Ira Green
 Roger Greenough
 Sherman Grier
 Floyd Gunther
 Kenneth Hall
 Cecil Hammer
 Neils Harper
 Louis Haxton
 Raymond Hawkes
 Chester Hawley
 Rex Heath
 Clive Heddle
 Loris Henry
 Robert Hibbitt
 Theodore Hibbitt
 Emmet Hill
 L. A. Hill
 George Holden
 Ray Horn
 Frank Howard
 Edwin Hughes
 Harry Hughes
 Clarence Hulburt
 Dudley Humphreys
 LeRoy Hunter
 Guy Hurd
 Harvey Iams
 Harry Irving
 Clarence Iry
 Dale Jackson
 Gus Jansen
 Lewis Jeklin
 Glen Johnson
 Orville Johnson
 Joseph Johnson
 Ralph Johnson
 Ray Johnson
 C. Lloyd Kamrath
 Aden Keele
 Verne Kimmel
 Lyle King
 Frank Kohner
 Robert Kolbe
 Howard Lamb
 Ralph Lantz
 Kenneth Lee*
 Leonard LeGrant
 Selwyn Leiser
 Lewis Levin
 John Lichty
 Daniel Lindsley
 Herbert Lindsley
 Holt Lindsley
 Herbert Linecke
 Donald Littlemore
 Beaumont Lower
 Ellsworth Lucas
 Horace Manring
 Ralph Manring
 Lester Margitts
 Sam Markowitz
 Fred Mast
 Kenneth Martin
 Willard Matters
 Harold Merrin
 Frank Metler
 Dewey Meyers
 Robert Mills
 Walter Miller

LeRoy Moe
 David Moodhe
 Harry Mountain
 Courtland McCain
 Joe McCormack
 Burns McDonald
 Clive McDonald
 Hugh McDonald
 Hugh McElroy
 Phillip McEntee
 Martin McGowan
 Lacone McLean
 Donald McPhee
 Ward Munson
 Albert Murphy
 George Murphy
 David Musselman
 Donald Neely
 Harold Neely
 Ralph Neely
 Ernest Nelson
 Harold Nelson
 Paul Neil
 Wallace Nickum
 Lee Niles
 Robert O'Brien
 Howard Olin
 Alvin Olson
 Loring Overman
 Robert Owen
 Alan Paine
 LaVerne Palmer
 Harold Park
 Robert Patton
 Ronald Patton
 Evan Pearson
 Harold Pederson
 Herbert Pefley
 Merritt Penrose
 LaVerne Peterson
 Phillip Peterson
 John Pierson
 Earle Poe
 Howard Potter
 Herman Pounds
 Verne Powell
 Victor Pradella
 Glen Price
 Harry Quass
 Edward Quigley
 Dallas Rader
 Donald Rader
 Ernest Ransome
 John Redmond
 Carl Renard
 Lorraine Richards
 Ward Richards
 Allen Roberts
 William Robinson
 Clarence Rohwer
 Kenneth Ross
 Howard Rouse
 Ernest Ruoff
 Walter Russell
 Clarence Sampson
 Harvey Sanborn
 Leslie Sanders
 Arthur Savage
 Morton Schaler

Gordon Schwartz
 Herman Schuler
 Louis Seagraves
 John Seggessenman
 George Shannon
 John Shaw
 Ed Shea
 Virgil Shields
 Curtis Shoemaker
 George Shuster
 J. Parker Sims
 Frank Skadan
 Clarke Smith
 Cyril Smith
 Edgar Smith
 Edmond Smith
 Ira Smith
 Jack Smith
 Neil Smith
 Reginald Smith
 Wayne Spry
 Delmer Stack
 Louis Stier
 Harold Street
 L. D. Swanson
 Robert Tate
 Frank Taylor
 Paul Taylor
 Daniel Teters
 Frank Thunberg
 William Thomas
 Munson Thorpe
 Glen Tollenaar
 Arthur Torgeson
 Archie Torkleson
 Kirby Torrence
 Eugene Travis
 Glen Tubbs
 Victor Tubbs
 Clark Upton
 Claude Voelker
 Harold Walker
 Carl Wallace
 Ford Waltz
 Otto Warn
 Glen Watkins
 Lyle Watt
 Merlyn Weber
 Romulus Whalen
 Spencer Wheeler
 Leon Wheaton
 Everett Whitcomb
 Russell White
 Charles Whittemore
 Frank Williams
 Kenneth Williams
 Maurice Williams
 Warren Williams
 Cecil Wylder
 Donald Wilson
 Harold Wilson
 Walter Wilson
 William Wilson
 Russell Witters
 Lester Wood
 Chester Woodcock
 Ace Woods
 James Woods
 *Deceased.



ALLEN ROBERTS, June '17

Taps Sounded for Bugler Lee



The death of Kenneth Lee, former North Central student, came as a shock to all those who knew him. He was the first of North Central's boys to die in the service of his country.

The following obituary appeared in the Camp Lewis paper:

"Bugler Kenneth Lee was born in Spokane, Wash., and at the time of his death, August 27, 1917, he was 20 years 2 months and 3 days of age. He enlisted in Company I on the 24th day of June, 1916, and was appointed bugler May 18, 1917. He served on the Mexican border, and during that

tour of service he was not off duty at any time for any purpose.

Bugler Lee was a model soldier, never giving his officers or non-commissioned officers any occasion for discipline or correction, and among the men whom he served he had an unsullied reputation. He was kindly and cheerful under all circumstances, and even when ill he never complained.

"The keenest regret is felt over our loss, and the sympathy of the officers and men of Company I goes out to the bereaved parents and relatives.

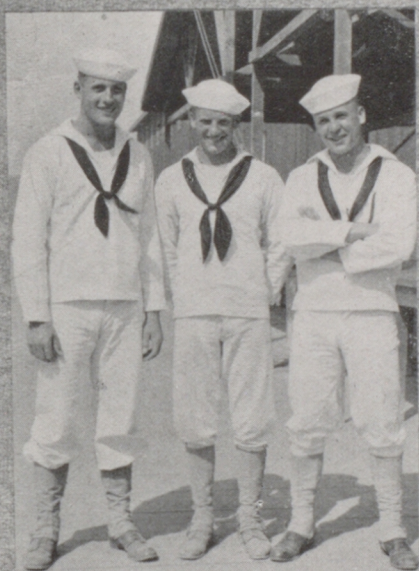
"CAPT. HENRY A. WISE,
"2d Regiment, Washington Infantry."



RED & BLACK
IN KHAKI









Echoes From the Front

Goat Island,
Nov. 10, 1917.

DEAR WARD:

Some time ago you asked me to send a little information regarding the Yeoman School, and of what the work of a Yeoman on board ship consists. As we are restricted from telling very much regarding the different branches, I will only tell the most important facts concerning it. I believe that there are no Naval secrets in the following, and that it would pass the censor, should he take me at a disadvantage.

In the first place, a Yeoman is a petty officer in charge of stores of some department of the vessel. It is not known just how our Navy came to use the word Yeoman, for that particular line of work, but I have come to the conclusion that there is a slight relation to the Old English meaning of the word. In the Knights of the Round Table, a Yeoman was a gentleman cavalier, and I believe the connecting link between the two uses of it is the word gentleman.

The Yeoman School prepares the men who enlist as Landsmen for Yeomen, and sends them out rated Yeomen. The course is six months long, and consists of subjects with which a Yeoman must familiarize himself in order to hold his position and advance. There are four classes in the school: Pay, which is the study of the pay department of the ship; commanding, consisting of the forms and letters which he must make out for the commanding officer; executive, which deals with the real business end of the vessel; and G. S. K. (General Store Keeper), in which he learns how to receive, keep track of, and dispose of the clothing and small stores, and the articles of the ship's store or canteen. After passing through these four classes, each man is drafted to some vessel and placed in the department in which he has shown himself to be most efficient. Every man must have a thorough knowledge of shorthand and typewriting before he can

be rated. Let me say that the forms, letters, and the business in general carried on by the ships and the Naval departments are so different from those of civil life that there is really no comparison.

We play our part in battle with the same degree of preciseness and accuracy as the chief gunner who fires the heavy guns at the enemy ships. The Yeoman must write out each battle order, and, if the opportunity permits, he must pass ammunition, point the guns, or take the place of someone who has been killed or wounded in the fight. He must always be prepared, and learn to "carry on" with willingness.

This war has shown itself to be a great Democratizer. Every day at "chow," I sit beside the young fellows who are preparing to do their bit. Around the mess table are lawyers, accountants, bank presidents, treasurers, and cashiers, civil and mining engineers, newspaper men, and some representative from nearly every occupation imaginable. Beside me every night in his hammock sleeps the son of a very wealthy family, who has forgotten about his past, and looks with interest to the future; who rises each morning at the sound of three bells, eats pork and beans, and between paydays spends his "little - old - thirty - two - sixty - per - month" with the rest of us. All are on the same plane, and advancement comes to those who receive the highest marks in obedience and sobriety, and not to those who receive high grades as a student.

North Central may well be proud of the fellows who are willing to give their lives for their country. The spirit of the Red and Black is represented in every branch of the service, and is reflecting great credit on the school. That spirit will endure, too, and the "stick-to-it-iveness" will spread and be one of the deciding factors in this great struggle "Over There."

All of the fellows in the Yeoman School, as well as the rest of them on the Island, send their best regards. Every

one of us wish that we could be there for the Thanksgiving game, but as that is impossible at this time will look forward to the first news from home. *All that have received the N. C. News think it is the best ever, and not even the "als" are missed in reading it over.*

I wish to be remembered to all the friends, and would like to hear from any that have time to write. Most of the boys in the Jan. '16 Class are missing from my list of addresses, so any information would be gladly received.

Yours sincerely,

—M. G. Webber.

EDITOR "THE TAMARACK":

Just a word and a photo to let you all know that a few North Central boys of the past are alive and kicking, and to make known to the world that all North Central is not in the Cavalry.

This picture was taken in the sunny State of North Carolina, where "I" Com-

pany was treated to 'possum and candied sweet potatoes. Now we are encamped where the cold north winds blow. We can get into New York in an hour and most of us have spent all our spare time and money seeing the sights. Yesterday some of us took a trip around Manhattan Island, thirty-four miles, in an excursion boat, and became acquainted with many places we have heard of but never expected to visit.

We are hoping to soon see more of the world, but no one knows how soon. Our division is now up to full war strength and practically fully equipped, and we can't leave too soon to suit us. So here's to dear old North Central! May she always be victorious, but victorious or not, here's to North Central!

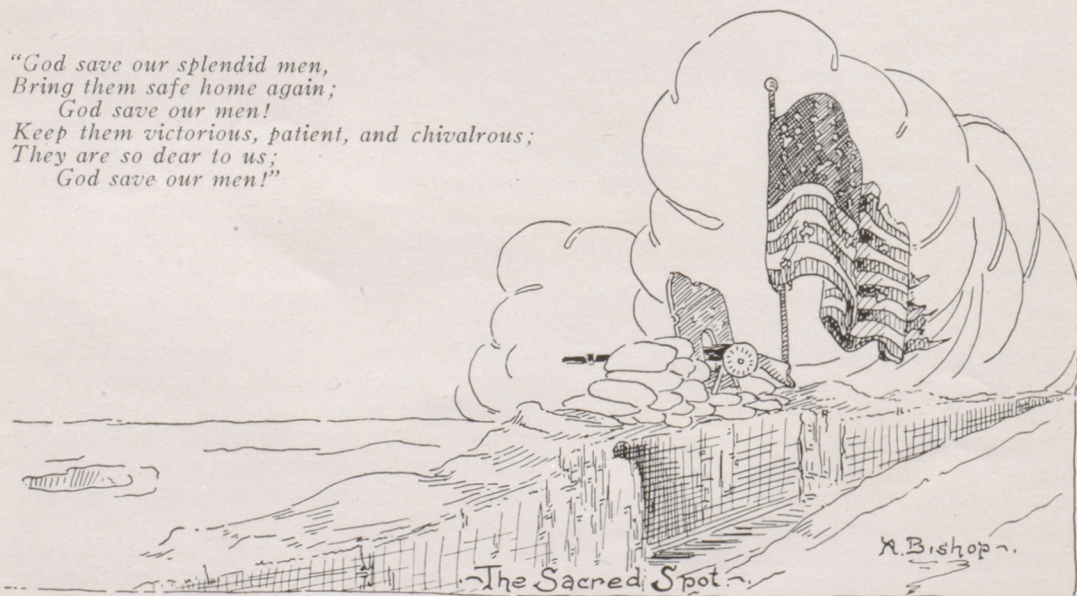
With many thoughts of the days gone by and with trust in the North Central spirit for the future, we remain

Her many loyal subjects in "I" Co.

HAROLD EDDY, June '17.

(See cut on page 40)

"God save our splendid men,
Bring them safe home again;
God save our men!
Keep them victorious, patient, and chivalrous;
They are so dear to us;
God save our men!"



North Central Excels in Red Cross Work



MRS. R. T. HARGREAVES

"It is very gratifying, indeed, to see the manner in which the students and the faculty of the North Central High School have responded to our call for assistance in all lines of Red Cross work.

"Not only have they done a great amount of actual Red Cross work, under the able direction of Mrs. R. T. Hargreaves, but they have been invaluable

in other branches of patriotic service, such as the Liberty Loan and Thrift Stamp campaigns, and the securing of Red Cross memberships.

"We are in the war to win. The Red Cross and everything else in connection with the war must be loyally supported, and the sooner we get from other quarters such efficient and unselfish support

as that given by North Central the sooner we will win the war."

The above statement was made by Mrs. George P. Hardgrove, vice-chairman of the local chapter of the Red Cross. Mrs. Hardgrove, as well as other leaders of the Red Cross, are very enthusiastic over the work done by North Central, and give especial credit to Mrs. R. T. Hargreaves, who has had charge of the work done by the school. In addition, Mrs. Hargreaves has done a great deal of individual work. She has been present at Red Cross headquarters practically every day of every week for some months past, and has also taken a special course in bandage-making to increase her efficiency. North Central girls count themselves lucky in having such an enthusiastic, inspiring, and able director as Mrs. Hargreaves.

There are others who also deserve praise. None could have worked harder, or have given up more spare time, than Miss Carrie Hitchcock, Miss Frances Wilson, Miss May Frank, Miss Pansy Olney, Miss Eva Scantlebury, and Miss Mary Hamilton, teachers in the Household Arts department, who have taught knitting not only to the girls but also to other teachers and outsiders, have knitted a great many articles themselves, and have remained hours after school four nights a week to direct the Red Cross sewing done by the girls of the school.

North Central's record has been splendid in this, as in all other things. Let her not only strive to keep it so, but may she endeavor to make it surpass any previous achievement of hers for the cause of humanity.

MRS. ROBB PRAISES WORK

"The girls and teachers of North Central High School have made articles for the full equipment of five hundred beds, or a complete operating unit. All the work has been beautifully done, and many of the articles were so well made that they were sent to the outside towns as models."

Such is the tribute paid by Mrs. J. H. Robb, in charge of the making of material for the operating units at the local

Red Cross headquarters, to the efficient and self-sacrificing girls and teachers of the Household Arts department of North Central.

"MESS FUND" GIRLS ORGANIZE

Last October Miss Genevieve Moore made a trip to American Lake. Here she ate several meals with the enlisted boys and noted the lack of sweets so essential to a boy's happiness.

On her return she decided to raise money for a "Mess Fund" for Companies H and I, the cavalry troop, and two machine gun companies, then stationed at American Lake.

A committee of girls composed of Lucile Reed, Delia Hammer, Alice Quigley, Erma Bean, Beryl Williams, Irene Oliver, Esther Hocking, Geraldine Moore, Ruth Hubble, Virginia Ellis, Katherine Peterson, Gertrude Byler, Nadine Sims, Josephine Vincent, Elise McLean, Elsie Meyers, Isabel Mather, Catherine Sohns, Laura Bullivant, Caris Sharp, and Eleanor Robinson aided Miss Moore in the canvass of the school.

The field was then extended to the business district. By this time the movement was no longer confined to North Central girls. Miss Moore called in the aid of the Lewis and Clark, Holy Names Academy, and the leisure girls of Spokane, and, together with North Central's contingent, a dance was given in the Armory, November 14. Over five hundred couples attended and the receipts swelled the fund to \$1300.

The girls of the "Mess Fund" have now organized as the Young Ladies' Auxiliary of the Spokane Chapter of the American Red Cross, with headquarters in the Exchange National Bank Building. Here you find them busily working every evening after school. The Young Ladies' Auxiliary urges every girl in North Central and in the city of Spokane to come and help them make this undertaking a success.

Miss Genevieve Moore is president of the organization, Miss Lucile Barrett, vice president, Miss Anna Roberts, secretary, and Miss Irene Oliver, treasurer.



LITERARY

A Convalescent's Romance

By Treacy Duerfeldt.



CAPTAIN TRUMBALL, lying back against the white pillow, smiled faintly at the tiny French nurse who was passing his chair. She had been the sole joy of those long weeks during which he could move only his eyes. He had striven to regain health for this "chic" little French maid; for, through these weeks of convalescence, a strong liking for this brave girl had grown in his heart. Now, as she passed from his sight into the building, he thought of how he had only four more days to enjoy her company, for then he was to leave for home, America. As he thought of that day fast approaching, he reflected how he would miss her, how he would yearn for her, how—but could it really be true that he thought that much of her?

As he thought, he remembered how his first sight of her had filled him with fresh strength; how her soft, caressing hands had imparted new warmth to his blood, and how—here he checked himself, realizing that this must all come to an end so soon. Then a bright

thought came to him, and a new light shone in his eyes. He lay back on his pillow and closed his eyes, a smile flitting about his lips.

Suddenly he sat up. He heard her footsteps on the stairs behind him, and turned toward the door. He motioned to her as she entered, and asked for pencil and paper. She brought them and was turning away when he spoke.

"Marie, do you remember when you wrote that first letter for me to my mother? I do. And I can remember the way you looked when I spoke of my nurse in that letter. Marie, all I have to say is this: 'Will you be my nurse through life and take me over the Atlantic to my home—which I shall share with you—to my mother, to whom you have often written my letters? —I love you! Won't you come with me and make my future life happy?'"

As he finished, she turned toward him a sad, yet sympathetic face, whose expression conveyed to him the answer in the gentlest way. Then she told him of her sweetheart who had gone to the trenches at the first call, had been wounded, had recovered under her care, and had gone back; and how he now lay on a bed inside the hospital, maimed for life. She told him kindly how she

(Continued on page 101)

The Regeneration

By Annasue Hughes.



IT WAS late afternoon of a beautiful spring day. The sun, low in the west, struck brightly through the vines at the window, carpeting the floor with flickering shadows, and searching out the corners of the low-ceilinged room. Outside were the rustlings of the trees, the twitter of birds; inside, a sound of stertorous breathing, and a strong and unmistakable odor of liquor. One searching ray of light fell squarely across the bent shoulders and graying hair of the woman sitting by the oilcloth-covered table.

She was a middle-aged woman of plain appearance, but her face showed years of sorrow. Her very attitude spoke it. One arm hung loosely at her side, the other lay on the table, while her dim blue eyes stared vacantly at the floor.

A movement of the vines deflected the ray of sunlight toward a low cot in a dark corner. It fell now on the face of the occupant of the bed, a young face, with irresolute mouth. The boy lay with one arm under his head, his body relaxed in complete abandon. The sudden light in his face slightly roused him. He half-opened his heavy eyes and turned his face toward the wall, his loose lips half uttering thick, drunken words.

The light veered again toward the woman at the table. She had shifted her position a little now, so that the beam did not disclose the pain in her face, but fell across the hand on the table, lighting up the object it held, a small, time-worn photograph. The woman raised her hand and gazed at the picture of a small boy, round-faced and solemn-eyed, dressed in the velvet trousers and frilled blouse of the late nineties, and holding against his breast with one pudgy little hand a small stuffed dog, scarcely

more stiff and solemn-eyed than he. Across the bottom of the photograph was written: "John Thomas Harmon, on his fifth birthday, October 27, 1899."

Long the woman looked at the picture. Suddenly she leaned forward until her forehead rested on the table edge. The ray of sunlight rested for just a second on the shaking shoulders, then slipped from the window and was gone. Outside a drowsy quietness pervaded the world; inside, racking sobs failed to disturb the drunken slumber of the man on the bed.

* * * * *

Again it was late afternoon, but now of an early autumn day, with the sun slanting brightly down a long paved street. On the crowd which lined the edges of the street the warm light fell unheeded. It seemed, however, to fall with added kindness on the woman who stood at the edge, the woman of the worn face and the shaking shoulders, which shook no longer, but were held straight and proud. And her face! What joy and pride were reflected in it! For was not her boy, her son, marching in those straight and steady ranks of khaki, marching to the tune of "We're Coming, Father Abraham, One Hundred Thousand Strong," marching to the defense of his country, with the once irresolute mouth firmly set, the once wavering eyes directed straight ahead, on the path toward duty and honor?

No longer were the woman's eyes dim with sorrow. The tears which sprang from them now were tears of the joy of renunciation; the sobs which shook her body were sobs of joy and pride; and the light on her face was heavenly. For she saw in those clear eyes the solemnness of the little boy of the picture, and she was proud of her son as she had not been since the time when he posed, solemn and stiff, with his little stuffed dog, for the picture which no longer called forth tears of regret.

"First and Ten"

By D. D. R.



IT WAS Jack Nelson's last year in high school. His father had forbidden him to play football that year because another boy had had his arm broken the year before.

"No, Jack," his father said, "the game's not worth the energy you put into it. If I could see that there was any use or benefit in it for you I would give my consent, but as I see it, there isn't, so I guess you'll have to give it up."

Jack felt sorry about it as he walked home, and a little peevish at his father, too. He was a banker's son and had all the luxuries that were common to boys of his position, and when his father had taken away his favorite sport he, naturally, was a little blue, as things of that sort had never been denied him before. He was the best halfback the school had ever had and was, as many thought, a sure candidate for any college team in the country. Now, who would not have been just a little bit vexed?

The Nelsons lived in a town of perhaps two thousand inhabitants, situated on the great Forest river. It was a lumber town and every Saturday afternoon found several hundred lumbermen in town, drinking and spending their week's wages.

School had started and Jack watched the boys go out to the gridiron with a "kind of funny feeling," as he expressed it.

One night, as Jack was coming down the street past the bank, a lumberman ran out with a satchel in his hand; he paused on the sidewalk a moment and looked toward the river. A steamer had just whistled for the bridge to be opened. The man immediately started for the

bridge on a dead run. Just then a voice from within the bank yelled, "Stop that thief!"

Jack thought quickly. Throwing down his books and his coat he raced after the fugitive. The bridge was three blocks from the bank corner and the man had already covered a half block, but Jack was a "ten and three-fifths man" and was confident of overtaking the thief.

One block passed and the robber still held his own. "He must be getting winded," thought Jack. "I'll soon catch him." Hearing an uproar behind him he took a quick look and saw men running and yelling, all in pursuit of the lone thief. "No hope there," he thought. "It's up to me." Then in a flash he divined the other's purpose. He would get on the bridge before it started turning, then, as it turned he would be safe, and as it returned to its place he could make his getaway, as he could easily hide around the old factories and mills on the other side, and be lost.

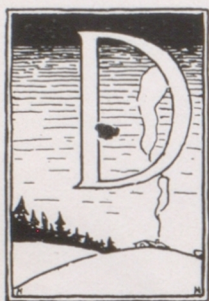
Another block passed and Jack had gained on him. The bridge loomed nearer and nearer. The bridge tender whistled in response to the steamer. The bridge would soon start turning.

Jack summoned up every ounce of energy, shut his eyes and sprinted for everything that was in him. A moment later he opened his eyes and saw the bridge, now about fifty yards away. The robber was about thirty-five feet in advance of him and nearly winded. Jack was still good. "If I can only make it," Jack thought. The bridge moved a little. The man, by this time, was about ten feet from the span, crouched for a leap. He rose and would have landed on the bridge, but for one thing. Jack, about twenty feet behind, had launched himself forward and had hit the robber, making one of the prettiest flying tackles imag-

(Continued on page 105)

A Trip to American Lake

By Leta Adams.



WID YOU ever go to American Lake? I went a few weeks ago, and saw, for the first time in my young life, a real training camp.

I (or rather we, for there were three of us) arrived at Camp Lewis, American Lake, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on one of those fifty-five cent jitney things which run from Tacoma to the Camp.

When we alighted from the "bus," I regret to say the situation looked anything but promising. Before us, on all sides, stretched copious gobs of mud. The first thing for us to do was to seek out of this labyrinth of buildings someone whom we knew.

We rambled up to a busy looking young gentleman in the quartermaster's headquarters, and asked him with our nicest company manners, if he could locate for us fifteen or twenty of our friends. He looked quite bewildered, and turned us over to a still younger gentleman across the aisle. I found that he was a Spokaneite, and the only person he was able to place for us was Frank Skadan. He gave us a slip of paper on which he had penciled a lot of funny marks, supposed to be barracks, and some very indefinite directions.

After going a few steps, a uniformed man stopped us, and told us that cameras were not allowed on the premises. Our spirits fell several degrees. Good-bye, ye photographs of stalwart, young heroes-to-be! The man made us promise we wouldn't use our cameras, and we hid them under our coats, so that the guards wouldn't "nab" us.

An hour or so later we found ourselves "somewhere in Camp Lewis" trudging along in the mud, diligently searching

for California Avenue and Fourth Street. At Montana Avenue we inquired the way of an accommodating "Sammie," who sent us several blocks further on.

Ah, at last there it was! In front of our very eyes was Company K, 361st Infantry. We mounted the steps, wearily, and asked one of the jaunty inmates in the draughty "salon" for Frank Skadan. He ran up some rickety stairs, made some kind of a cat call, and in a moment "the boy with the big smile" himself appeared.

"What do you do for amusement here?" I asked him.

"Oh, we play football and baseball, and that's enough amusement for me," he answered, favoring us with one of his rare (?) smiles.

Sounds of inharmonious melody came from somewhere above. Frank said that the "orchestra" consisted of a piano, a piccolo, and a violin.

He showed us through the kitchen, and I barely escaped getting "pinged" on the head with a sick looking apple pie. However, aside from my impressions, Frank said the "grub" was pretty good, though plain.

We came forth from the barracks to find it raining, and, horrors, we had no umbrellas! We started to retrace our steps to the station when we were obliged to halt while retreat was sounded. The bugle rang out over the hills, the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and we stood in the mud with the water running down our necks. It was all very inspiring.

When retreat was over, we continued our weary way, walking on, or in, not air but—mud.

An hour later, sitting snugly in an auto-bus, I thought over the events of the past hours. Yes, it was worth it all, even to my wet, muddy shoes and bedraggled head covering.

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 A. H. BENEFIEL.....Vice Principal
 Miss Cornelia Oerter.....Secretary

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 Miss Hazel Blake
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PRINCIPAL
R.T. HARGREAVES

VICE PRINCIPAL
A.H. BENEFIEL



Richard T. Hargreaves

Richard T. Hargreaves, principal of North Central High School, is a modest man and cannot be induced to talk about himself. So any cub reporter seeking facts about his life must look elsewhere for his story. But the truth will out, especially in these days of Sunday newspapers, and more especially if the subject of the story happens to have an amiable wife.

First of all, it appears that Mr. Hargreaves is a self-made man, his career from youth being almost as checkered and interesting as the proverbial rise of the corporation manager from the humble position of office boy. Mr. Hargreaves was a real boy (red-headed and freckled, they say) for awhile, clerked in a dry-goods store, punched cattle in Kansas, went to college (he worked his way through, too) and emerged with a B. A. to his name and with a Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain.

After graduation, he taught in high school for a few years, was a college professor (Latin, it is rumored) for some time, represented a publishing company for several years, got married, came to Spokane, looked over the field, picked out North Central, and "settled down."

What he has been and what he has done since he alighted here is a matter of common knowledge. North Central High School is a monument to his genius, industry, and rugged character. The institution is co-existent with him, and what it would become without him one can scarcely surmise. Mr. Hargreaves dominates and pervades things. North Central is shot through with his personality. That is why there is so much "doing" all the time. North Cen-

tral is not a perfect plant, but it pays almost top-notch dividends on the investment made. Other high schools not a whit worse for physical and mental equipment are fit only to be scrapped. R. T. Hargreaves has made North Central High School a local institution pulsating with vital efficiency. Everyone acknowledges that.

But that is not all. Mr. Hargreaves has achieved a state-wide reputation for himself and his school, and is well on the way to winning national recognition among educators for North Central. The honors and offices conferred on him by the National Educational Association attest to that. He was a pioneer in transforming a high school library from a kindergarten plaything to an intellectual laboratory, and his solution of some of the vexing problems of the modern high school's complex socialized and grouped intellectual life has brought him to the front among the experts in secondary school education.

In spite of it all, however, Mr. Hargreaves, in the language of one of the boys, and in the opinion of all who really know him is a "regular fellow." He plays tennis (or used to before golf became the thing), drives his own car, is a baseball and football fan, reads omnivorously—even detective stories—is an art connoisseur, writes poetry for diversion, and helps his wife with the household duties. An indefatigable worker, he sets his teachers an example by coming to school early, by doing a regular day's work, many times after school hours, and by "being on the job" all the time. In the easy but expressive parlance of the high school boy, Richard T. Hargreaves is "some principal."

"Khufu's Daughter"---An Appreciation

By Miss Lucile F. Fargo.

Everything has a beginning. "Khufu's Daughter" had. The casual observer might have told you that it was the exact moment at which the curtain went up, or perhaps when the orchestra began to play. But the merest Freshman could have told him better, for he knew how "brother" had been sitting up nights singing "On the banks of the Nile there's an old crocodile," and how "sister" had planned camel-drivers' costumes of pajamas and sheets and had manufactured bracelets out of cardboard and gold paint. "Brother" himself could have pushed the tale still further to tell of altars evolved out of the odds and ends of the shop, of pillars made of canvas, and of hieroglyphics (real ones) blossoming out of pots of red and black paint.

But even these were not the beginnings. It is whispered that Mr. Rice woke up one fine morning with an Egyptian melody in his head. Where he acquired it, no one knows. Perhaps it was by way of Grove's "Dictionary of Music," or was it only because he lives next door to History I, I wonder? Be that as it may, the melody stuck. He confided it to Miss Broomhall. From previous experience, he knew that Miss Broomhall was a good person to confide in. No sooner did she hear of that tune than she began to see visions and dream dreams. She read George Ebers entire and slept on Maspero. Mummies, pyramids, palm trees, scarabs, cats, and crocodiles beckoned her by day and pursued her at night. Armed with a sharp pen and plenty of paper (I really wanted to

say a roll of papyrus, but remembered the twentieth century just in time) she stalked her prey and brought it down with wit and cunning. For her there yowled

"A simple cat . . .
A thing with paws and vicious claws,
'That took delight in pawing. . . ."

—Zopyrus

Speaking of Zopyrus, where did he get his name. And Barda of Bahktan, Tyee Merit, and Atossa, not to speak of Zaza-monk, what of them? I give it up. As well write "Edith J. Broomhall, librettist, and C. Olin Rice, composer," and let that end it—or begin it!

From the sonorous strains of "Ra We Praise" to "All Hail the Dawn," the operetta was a feast for the ear and a delight to the eye. Not the least noteworthy feature was the scenery. The frieze in the second act would have done credit to the tomb of a Rameses, thanks to the painstaking care of the Art department. The costumes, designed very largely, let it be said, by Miss Broomhall herself, and executed by nimble fingers in the Domestic



MISS LUCILE E. FARGO

Science sewing rooms, were a riot of gorgeous color, well depicting the pomp and circumstance of four thousand years ago.

With the Nile and the pyramids as a background, one might well have expected splendor without gaiety, and ponderousness without wit. But not a morsel of "Khufu's Daughter" was dry—not even the mummy, for *he* had a coat of fresh paint. Both libretto and music were characterized by those frequent

transitions from grave to gay and from the sublime to the ridiculous that mark the truest wit and art. In the first act, the dainty dancing of the flower girls was in charming contrast with the solemn grandeur of the opening hymn and the grandiloquent solo of Cambyzes, while the oft-repeated "A fool I be" of Zopyrus readily turned many a seeming calamity into a "cat-astrophe."

Probably Zopyrus' clever songs and Zazamonk's "I know it all" will stick longer in the memory of most of the hearers than the more serious parts of the other members of the cast. That is not because the comedy was better done, but only because it is in the nature of a joke to stick. Too much cannot be said for the smoothness of voice and the excellent acting of the amateur tragedians of the play. It was an unexpected pleasure to get all the words in the solo parts and in the dialogue, not a little due, no doubt, to Miss Motie's careful coaching. Rarely have flower girls danced and sung more trippingly than Tua and her maids; seldom does an amateur prince chant his love with better voice than Vance East-



C. OLIN RICE

land. The sweet and natural singing of Merit and Atossa was a joy to listen to, while the king and Barda took heavy parts with assurance and ease. Under Mr. Rice's skillful baton the choruses made the welkin ring or invoked the gods of long ago with the verve or the solemnity that the occasion demanded. And the orchestra was all there, too—even to the cat. How the long hours of drill must have melted away in the very evident approval of the audience!

Were panegyrics invented along with hieroglyphics, I wonder? They should have been, for both are used with equal appropriateness in the case of "Khufu's Daughter." Here, as usual, the trademark counts. It is, "MADE IN NORTH CENTRAL."

"KHUFU'S DAUGHTER"

"Khufu's Daughter," an Egyptian operetta in two acts, is the joint work of C. Olin Rice and Miss Edith J. Broomhall, and is the second original opera to be composed, directed, and staged by North Central talent. Mr. Rice, head of North Central's Music department for



MISS EDITH BROOMHALL



MISS LILLIAN STOWELL

the past nine years, wrote the score, and also made the orchestration. Miss Edith J. Broomhall, instructor in Spanish in the North Central High School, wrote the librettos and designed the costumes.

ASSISTANTS

Dramatic Coach.....Miss Marguerite Motie
Dancing Coach.....Miss Ardelia Peckham
Business Manager.....Miss Cornelia Oerter
Chorus costumes made by Ruth Erickson and Marion Blanchard. Trimmings designed and made in the Art department.

Scenery designed by Bessie Curtis, Jessica Moriarty, Margaret Ellis, and Allen Ireland.

Scenery painted by Clyde Coakley, Cecil Nottage, Donald Littlemore, Herman Pounds, and William Jackson, under the direction of Miss Lillian Stowell.

STAGE STAFF

Stage Manager.....Clyde Coakley
Stage Carpenter.....Marvin Anderberg

CASTE

Khufu, King of Egypt.....Cavour Robinson
Cambyses, Prince of Persia.....Vance Eastland
Barda, Prince of Bahktan.....

.....Cecil Fenstermacher
Zopyrus, Servant of Cambyses.....John Bulmer
Zazamonk, a Magician.....Frank Carter
Atossa, Khufu's Daughter.....Lucille Hone
Merit, Daughter of Psamtik.....

.....Katherine Peterson
Tua, a Flower Girl.....Delia Hammer
Tyee, Queen of Egypt.....Alice Quigley

Priestess of Ra.....Inez Daugherty
Priest of Ra.....George McKay
Chief Camel Driver.....Edward Perry
Captain of Soldiers.....Clayton Finnegan

Priestesses, Priests, Flower Girls, Court Ladies, Soldiers, Camel Drivers, and Dancers

Priestesses of Ra—Margaret Jenkins, Elizabeth Gibbs, and Katherine Dech.

Priests of Ra—James Hanifen, Howard Knudson, Albert Arend, and Leonard Paul.

Flower Girls—Cecil Whitfield, Louise Crane, Lucile Reed, Margaret Ellis, Pauline Fellows, Verna Johnson, Bertha Keller, Gertrude Byler, Greta Whiteside, and Doris Layman.

Court Ladies—Gladys Ammerman, Jessie Taylor, Marie Ashlock, Harriett Claney, Virginia Cooper, Grace Benefiel, Mary Rollo, Amy Berg, Louise Bullivant, Irene Spencer, Avis Campbell, Lucille McCall, Dorothy Olmsted, Elizabeth Gibbs, Inez Daugherty, and Zola Patton.

Soldiers—Albert Arend, Alber Dahlstrom, Howard Knudson, Robert Mosher, John Hutchins, Raphael Budwin, Marvin Anderberg, Edward Perry, Leonard Paul, James Hanifen, Clifford Berry, Lloyd Gardner, Paul Boyington, Edson Burr, Edwin Williams, William Ross, Victor Jensen, Noble Moodhe.

Camel Drivers—Alber Dahlstrom, John Hutchins, Raphael Budwin, Marvin Anderberg, William Ross, Edson Burr, Victor Jensen, Lloyd Gardner, Robert Mosher, Clifford Berry, Edwin Williams, George McKay, Paul Boyington, Leonard Paul, and Noble Moodhe.

(Continued on page 96)



MISS ARDELIA PECKHAM



The North Central Tamarack

Vol. IX.

JANUARY, 1918

No. 1

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T. O. RAMSEY

The members of the present Senior Class feel that they have been exceedingly fortunate in having had as class director and friend, Mr. T. O. Ramsey, in whom they have found a kind and considerate man and teacher. Besides being a man of fine personal qualities and practical ideas, he is an idealist, and there are none among us who have not been benefitted by him. Now that we are leaving, we realize that we will go forth into the world better men and women for having met him, and we wish to thank him with all our hearts for what he has been to us.

—P. L.

"MY SCHOOL"

One thing is certain in the mind of every North Central student who has done his bit for the school. It is that North Central is something that belongs to him. When he says "My school," he really feels "My school." He feels responsible for it; he feels that he must

stand behind it, no matter what his line of activity may be. This feeling, however, comes only after the student has done his share in supporting the school, and no student can have it until he has also the sentiment that *he belongs to the school.*

THE GIRLS' WAR CONTRIBUTION

Nothing in war contribution commands greater admiration than that of the girls of the North Central High School, equalling that of the North Central boys, notwithstanding the fact that the sacrifice of the latter embraces enlistment and actual service.

The girls have unanimously responded to the Red Cross call, constantly knitting and sewing, many remaining after school for that purpose. Coupled with the above is the noticeable work of the Vox Puellarum Club in the knitting of sweaters, cutting bandages, sewing surgical articles, solicitation in the Mess Fund Campaign, and preparing Christmas Cheer Bags. Particular mention is made concerning their excellent accomplishment in the

sale of Red Cross seals during the past months.

All of the foregoing has been greatly augmented by the valuable work of the French and German Clubs. The girls in the sewing classes cheerfully devoted much of their time to all branches of Red Cross work. The Sophomore "B" girls have, in addition to their Red Cross work, denied themselves the use of sugar for a considerable time.

All this has been done with the realization that constant application means the alleviation of suffering and the saving of life. Unity of purpose has constantly prevailed among the girls to the end that the product of their labors might result in securing victory for the allied troops, and an early and enduring peace to the warring nations.

—I. M. T.

"EN AVANT"

To the majority of us, graduation from high school merely means another step in our walk along the intellectual road. With the exception of those for whom circumstances make it impossible, we should continue our education in an institution of higher learning.

"Be sensible. Go to work and save your money. Higher education is but of a little value in the practical world." This is the opinion of some. It is probably correct, if we grant that our ultimate purpose is, after all, only to make a living. Money is, indeed, a necessity, but, even from a practical standpoint, the time spent in college is not wasted.

The college of to-day is not merely a place for preparation. It is a little world in itself and the student's life therein has in it all the elemental relations and experiences that he will meet with in after life. Statistics demonstrate the fact that seventy per cent of the leaders of the country are college graduates.

Besides, there are in life nobler things to be sought than money or efficiency—mental enjoyment, leadership, and intellectual liberty. These things, which are essential in a happy and successful

career, can more readily be obtained through a college education than in any other way, for the college fosters broader conceptions, broader sympathies, and higher ideals.

—G. T. M.

SENIOR TO FRESHMAN

All are seekers of happiness, ease, and comfort, and few know how to attain them. Most of us, searching for the easy way of life, believe that it may be found along the road of least resistance, and most students believe that this is the easy way through high school. Far from it. Someone has said, "If you would make life easy, make it hard." And the Senior of North Central says to the entering Freshman, "If you would make high school easy, begin by making it hard."

Though you may begin by making school life hard, it cannot long remain so. The idle outsider may think you are living a strenuous life and missing some of the so-called "pleasures," but once having entered upon the "hard" course, you will realize that it is, after all, the easiest way.

It is an undisputable fact that regular study each day not only becomes a habit (easily held to when once attained), not only brings the supreme joy of accomplishment, but actually shortens the time, and diminishes the labor, of study.

So, verdant Freshman, take this advice from a Senior who knows: "If you would make high school easy, make it hard." And don't forget that "one hour's study before a test is worth two after."

—H. McL.

The tendency of the modern American youth is not to treat serious problems seriously. As the world progresses, problems will become more complicated. The young man who dismisses the more or less serious problems of life with an "Oh, what's the use?" or "I should worry!" will soon find himself in the discard.

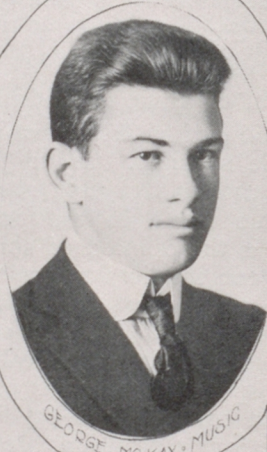
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Our New Teachers



Top row, left to right: W. Tydeman, Science; D. M. Nesbitt, History; J. W. Taylor, Mathematics; L. A. Harding, English.

Bottom row, left to right: Miss Caroline M. Riker, Art; Miss Annette Francisco, Language, and W. C. Hawes, Science. Absent: Miss Marguerite Motie, Public Speaking.

When North Central opened her doors in September for the fall semester she found herself with eight new instructors.

W. R. Tydeman, the smiling young gentleman at the extreme left, came to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of J. Lehn Kreider, of the Chemistry department. Not only has he filled it, but he has also overflowed into the Physical Training department, in which he instructs the Freshman boys in military drill. Mr. Tydeman is a graduate of Iowa State College.

D. M. Nesbitt, with whom the wind seems to have played havoc, comes to North Central from the Tacoma High School to teach History, Civics, and Economics. He is a graduate of the University of Washington.

J. W. Taylor, the next in line, is now relieving S. L. Moyer of his mathematics classes, and has also taken one class each from J. O. Ecker, and Dr. A. H. Benefiel. He was formerly principal of the Valleyford High School, and is well known in the educational circles of Spokane County. He is a graduate of the University of Southern California.

L. A. Harding, although he looks rather stern in the picture, is in reality not stern at all. Before coming to North Central he was for two years a prosecuting attorney in Indiana. He received his education at the Indiana State University. He also taught for two years in Wichita, Kansas. Since his arrival in North Central, he has been active in oratory, having successfully trained students for the Freshman Oratorical Contest and the Swedish North Star Contest.

Miss Caroline M. Riker, of the Fine Arts department, was formerly a student at the New York School of Fine Arts and the New York Art Students' League. She later taught in the Ethical Culture School in New York City. She now fills the place of Miss Margaret Hittle, who resigned last year.

Miss Annette Francisco, who teaches in the Language department, received her B. A. degree at Missouri Valley College, and later took graduate work at the University of Missouri. Previous to her debut in North Central, Miss Francisco taught in the Colfax High School.

W. C. Hawes, who succeeds Ira C.

(Continued on page 107)

The North Central News

Owned by the student body of North Central High School, and published weekly by the class in journalism.

Subscription price, 25c each semester, in advance. By mail, 40c. Single copies, 5c.

Entered as second-class mail matter in Spokane, November 2, 1917.

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"GOING OVER THE TOP"

For those who were not able to "go over the top" of a Liberty Bond, a new opportunity for raising money for the government has arisen in the form of "War Savings Certificates" and "United States Thrift Cards."

A War Savings Certificate may be filled with 20 stamps costing about \$4.12 each, the whole worth \$88.40. These bear a 4 per cent compound interest, so that in 5 years one stamp may be redeemed for \$5, and the whole book for \$100.

The Thrift Cards are on the same general plan, stamps selling for as low as 25 cents, the whole book being worth \$5.

One feature of this new plan of Secretary McAdoo's is that these stamps may be redeemed for their face value, plus interest, at any time.

Here is a call especially appealing to the boys and girls of America. Why can't one of North Central's clubs push the sale of these stamps in North Central?

PLENTY EXCITEMENT LEFT

Now that football and cross country are over, and with no interscholastic basketball games in sight, the sport "fans" of the school need not necessarily revert to the indoor sport of knitting, but may make use of their energy and enthusiasm by supporting their respective class basketball teams.

Two scheduled games are played in the "gym" each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon, and some good contests are being run off. The rivalry is keen, the games are fast and furious and well worth your patronage.

Go down and root for your team!

—L. D.





LETA ADAMS



MIRIAM MCLEAN



LELAND DANIEL

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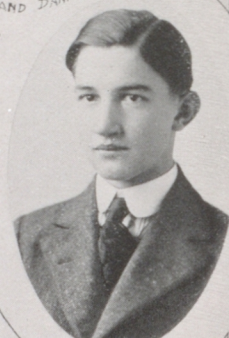
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SCHOOL EDITOR

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LELAND UPTON



HAROLD EBY



MARVIN ANDERBERG



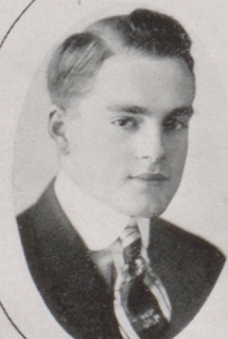
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HAROLD BRALL • STENO.



"The North Central News"

"The Tamarack," as a monthly periodical, is dead! Long live "The News!" Such was the slogan of a few bold spirits at the beginning of the present school year.

The student body, for the main part, was shocked and frightened by the change. They frowned and gossiped with undisguised pessimism, and "risked" twenty-five cents on the new publication.

That was at first. After about three issues of the paper, the attitude of fear changed to one of pride, and the stu-

dents openly bragged about their paper.

At the end of the semester "The North Central News" had become an institution, like the bulletin-board, the office, and the cafeteria. Ask a student now if he is glad of the change and the answer cannot be doubted. "The News" is, and is to stay.

The facts that are, are due to two of "the powers that be," first, the loyal students, and second, the publishers, that is, the news class, the business staff, and the faculty director, W. J. Sanders.

A Song, a Dance and a Flash

By William Ross.

Who began it? No one knows. But it did begin, and in a moment the whole sixty or more of them were singing:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams—"

After the last performance of "Khu-fu's Daughter," the members of the cast remained on the stage to be photographed. It was while they were waiting that this wonderful trench song, which has inspired thousands "over there," was begun on the lips of a few and instantly taken up by all. Without accompaniment, these trained singers started the song on pitch, found their respective parts, and produced a melody as grand and impressive as any in the production that had preceded.

* * *

But what could contain the young people in their exuberance and boundless spirit! The camera man was slow, and a goodly part of the evening audience remained to watch the proceedings. So, notwithstanding the state law which says "Thou shalt not dance" in spite of the fact that Principal R. T. Hargreaves was not many feet away, and in less

time than it takes to relate, an old-fashioned "Virginia Reel" was being danced to the tune of the latest Broadway hit. "Oh, Eliza!" bellowed by lusty-lunged "camel-drivers."

Soon the excitement of this unusual scholastic diversion subsided, and they again waited for the dilatory photographer. Would he never get his apparatus arranged?

But listen! The noble strains of our national anthem floated from the stage. The frivolity which held sway but a moment before, instantly gave way to a more serious state, as those young voices sang of the flag that waves

"O'er the land of the free,
And the home of the brave."

The people who were gathered, when they heard the song, arose uncovered, with as sincere a manifestation as if the strains had been by the immortal Schumann-Heink, or from the orchestra of Damrosch.

* * *

"Look this way, people," said a man named Martin from the top of a high ladder.

"Quit fussing the Egyptian dancers,

(Continued on page 101)

"KHUFU'S DAUGHTER"



KHUFU—
CAVOUR ROBINSON

GREAT GHOSTS
OF CAESAR
HOW MY KNEES
DO KNOCK



EDITH DROOMHALL
BOOK AND LYRICS



QUEEN OF EGYPT—
ALICE OUISLEY



COLIN RICE—
COMPOSER



TUA—
DELIA HAMMER



ZOPYRUS—
JACK DULMER



I AM ZAZ
I KNOW IT
ALL



CAMBYSES—
VANCE EASTLAND

ATOSSA—
LUCILLE HONE



YUH
DONT
NEITHER

YE WIZARD
?

WHERE'S THE
HIC WHO LEFT
ME OFF THIS PAGE

YE PRIEST
?

SEC. FENST

STAGE HAND
QUARTETT





THE DELTAS

Hugh Richardson.....	Grand Master	Harold Hanley	Scribe
Ed Anderson	Junior Grand Master	Robert Irvine	Exchequer



LA TERTULIA

Charles Nash	President	Harry Acord	Treasurer
Olive Johnson	Vice-President	Rachel Davis	Reporter
Elise McLean	Secretary	Miss Edith J. Broomhall.....	Faculty Director



KODAK CLUB

Marion Blanchard	President	Edna Norwick	Treasurer
Roland Smith	Vice-President	Florence Bassett	Reporter
Ruth Erickson.....	Secretary	W. R. Tydeman.....	Faculty Director



MATHEMATICS CLUB

Victor Jensen	President	La Velle Schick.....	Treasurer
Bessie Mendham	Vice-President	Vivian Cupernell.....	Reporter
Reba Warren	Secretary	Miss Gertrude Kaye.....	Faculty Director



DIE GERMANTISCHE GESELLSCHAFT

Ben Ruehl	President	Albert Arend	Treasurer
Avis Campbell	Vice-President	Barbara Meikle	Reporter
Lamora McDonald	Secretary	Miss Margaret Fehr.....	Faculty Director



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Nihl Angell.....	President	Harold Hanley.....	Secretary & Treasurer
Harry Shoemaker	Vice-President	Raphael Budwin	Reporter
Roy Rhodes	Faculty Director		



SANS SOUCI

Harriet Castle	President	Nathalie Toms.....	Corresponding Secretary
Gladys Miller	Vice-President	Marion Allen	Treasurer
Isabelle Neffler	Recording Secretary	Miss Alice Borresen.....	Director



S. P. Q. R.

Isabelle Neffler	President	Joseph Tewinkel	Recording Secretary
Josephine Vincent	Vice-President	Raymond Eide	Treasurer
Lelia Mason	Corresponding Secretary	Miss Mary E Evans	Faculty Director



SPHINX CLUB

Harold McLaren	President	Joseph Tewinkel	Corresponding Secretary
Walter Blair	Vice-President	Leland Upton	Recording Secretary
L. W. Sawtelle			Faculty Director



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Caris Sharp	Vice-President	Robert Irvine	Treasurer
Leone Webber	Recording Secretary	Raphael Budwin	Reporter
	Miss Marguerite E. Motie.....	Faculty Director	



COMMERCIAL CLUB

Burdette Howard	President	Ruth Crockett	Treasurer
Frances Miller	Vice-President	Meta Klemz	Reporter
Garnett Ferguson	Secretary	E. H. Fearon.....	Faculty Director



VOX PUELLARUM

Nadine Sims	President	Caris Sharp	Recording Secretary
Virginia Ellis	Vice-President	Alice Quigley	Treasurer
Josephine Vincent	Corresponding Secretary	Miss Jessie Gibson	Faculty Director



GRUB STREET CLUB

Walter Blair	President	Jack Dodd	Recording Secretary
Andre Briggs	Vice-President	Stanley Adams	Treasurer
Leland Daniel	Corresponding Secretary	L. W. Sawtelle	Faculty Director



GLEE CLUB

Lucile Hone	President	Inez Daugherty	Secretary & Treasurer
Howard Knudson	Vice-President	C. Olin Rice.....	Faculty Director



THE BOYS IN RED AND BLACK

Guy Winship	Leader
-------------------	--------



FRESHMAN B CLASS

The Library Board



Top row, left to right: Harold Eby, Ruth Erickson, Vance Eastland, Lucile Hone, and Ethel Rogell, President.

Bottom row, left to right: George Matsuda, Katherine Sohns, Virginia Ellis, Doris Layman, and William Ross.

Additions to Honor Service Roll

Received too late to Classify

Paul Cunningham
Harry Holt

Hallam Nourse
Ed Nye
Harold Peters

Frank Roberts
John Robbins

THE BOYS IN KHAKE AND BLUE

By Harold Eby.

Where are the familiar faces,
So friendly, genial, and bright?
Where is the boy that paced
The hall, so merry and bright?

Under the stars and the stripes,
Under the red, white, and blue,
Beneath the flag of his country
You will find him, loyal and true.

He has joined the khaki-clad army.
He has joined the merry blue,
He has enlisted in the cause of his country.
He is always steadfast and true.

He is learning the use of the rifle.
He is learning to shoot and to fight.

He's drilling with the bayonet
To defend the freeman's right.

He is sailing to foreign lands,
He is fighting the cause of right,
He is dying in trench and dugout,
For he's always willing to fight.

Praise for the khaki-clad boy,
Praise for the boy in blue,
Praise for the boys who fight,
Praise for the brave and the true.

Under the stars and the stripes,
Under the red, white, and blue,
Beneath the flag of his country
You will find him, loyal and true.

TIMELY TOPICS

NEW LIBRARY SOON READY

Despite a scanty allowance of floor space, and many uncanny and unexplained noises from without, the North Central library has managed to survive. The careful watchfulness of the monitors, with the ever-ready little white sheet of paper, has succeeded in keeping our attention, at least partially, upon our books, even though workmen tramped through the room, our lungs were filled with brick dust, and the pounding of hammers and falling of bricks seemed constant.

At first the work-room looked alluring to students who wished to escape the ever watchful eye of the monitor, but alas! they soon returned to the main room with chattering teeth, for the wind shrieked in from around the improvised window and the radiators sat, entirely unattached and unconnected, in the middle of the floor.

But all this will soon be past history, for we are to have a new library which will more than pay us for any discomfort we may have suffered during its construction. The new library will have a seating capacity of about 185, and will contain better accommodations for pictures, clippings, maps, and exhibit cases, and adequate magazine and newspaper racks.

An interesting feature will be the "consultation room," which will seat about 12 students and will be for the benefit of debaters and members of the public speaking classes, and is so arranged that their youthful oratorical efforts will not disturb concentrated study in the main room. Both the consultation room and

the librarians' work-room will be separated from the main library by glass partitions.

The new library, when complete, will be one of the most modern and up-to-date high school libraries in the Northwest.

DEBATE AND ORATORY

The Inter-class debates are arousing interest and keen competition, and have unearthed unexpected material which proves promising, especially from the Freshman and Sophomore Classes. The arrangement for the debates this year is a new one. Each team debates four times and the champion team is selected by percentages.

The debaters remaining this year who have participated in at least one debate are Joseph Tewinkle, Walter Blair, Victor Jensen, William Briscoe, Harold McLaren, Philip Lycette, and Harold Eby. There are others who show much promise and who have participated in inter-class debates before.

Against strenuous objections from both Walla Walla and Spokane, Lincoln High School, Portland, withdrew from the Tri-League series for 1918. The breaking of the contract was accompanied by no stipulated reason and was a disappointment to the many who were pleased with the League work in 1917. It is unlikely that Lewis and Clark will be met, as she is participating in a different series and does not desire to split her season on two questions. A dual debate will be held in March with Walla Walla, and opportunity for specialized training



SOLOS FOR



THE VOCATIONAL WORK

The Vocational Department four years ago consisted only of employment work, but it has increased so that now Miss Ida May Wilson gives all her time to the work.

Miss Wilson's department now includes personal conferences concerning students' vocational plans; scholarship, conduct, employment; conferences with parents, employers, students, graduates,



students who have dropped, and teachers; the follow-up work for the school nurse; investigations of all cases of students who have dropped; giving of garments to the needy; securing employment for students and graduates; preparing a table of attendance; and a multitude of other details.

The following surveys have been completed by the Vocational Director this year: vocation of students, part-time employment of students, comparative percentage of failures in school subjects of those employed and unemployed, summer employment of students, survey of students whose parents live out of town, and the complete record of all alumni.

"The teachers cooperate cordially by coming to talk over how they can help individual cases," said Miss Wilson.

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

Miss Jessie Gibson, faculty director of the Vox Puellarum, is the originator of the Girls' League of North Central. The object of the League is "to develop through co-operation activities involving every girl of North Central High School, a broad group sympathy and fellowship, an enlightened social sense, an increased personal efficiency and an active loyalty to the highest interests of the school, the



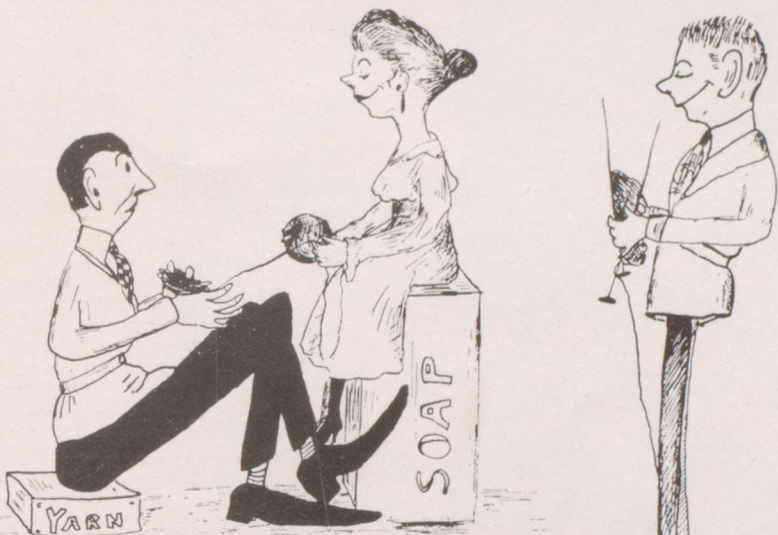
community and the nation." Four departments have been organized, each in charge of a department director: the social service department, the entertainment department, the patriotic department, and the personal efficiency department. The social service department will be reserved for the Seniors and Juniors, but all other girls will be assigned to some one department according to their ability.

The League is certain to be a success with the girls so enthusiastic and with such splendid support and direction from the faculty.

Mr. Kaye (History 8): "Irene, what subject will you take?"

Irene Terry: "I'll take that one about graft."

KNIT? NIT!



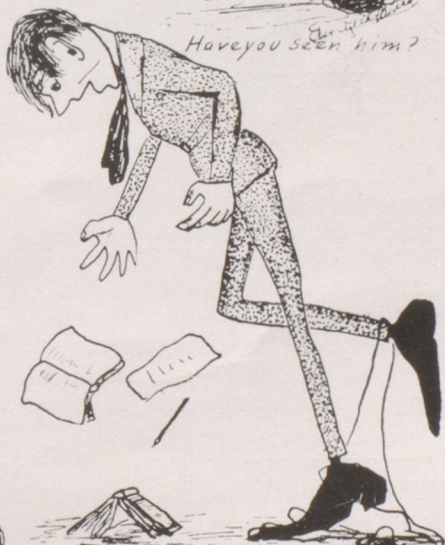
Captured!



Have you seen him?



Cupid's Latest



Barbed wire Entanglements



Rex V. Heath, June '20, a member of the Machine Gun Company, enlisted at the outbreak of war last spring. He is now a corporal, and when word of him last reached North Central he was at Camp Mills, Mineola, Long Island.

VOX PUELLARUM AWARD

The semi-annual "Vox" award for scholarship, personality, and the overcoming of great obstacles goes this semester to Elizabeth Beard. The award of \$10.00 is made each semester to a girl of the graduating class. Miss Beard takes the General Course. She has contributed poetry to both "The Tamarack" and "The News," and is a member of the Poetry Club.

ANNASUE HUGHES

By Tad.

Annasue Hughes, a member of the present graduating class, is the first North Central girl to be named editor-in-chief of "The Tamarack." Prac-

tically without experience in such work, and hampered in the mechanical and engraving departments by the very reason of her sex, Miss Hughes assumed her duties modestly but courageously. The result of her efforts speaks for itself. In addition to her efficient editing of "The Tamarack," Miss Hughes acted as school editor of "The News" for a half-semester.

CLASS ROSTER

SENIOR A

Hugh Richardson	President
Kate Burkhart	Vice-President
Delia Hammer	Secretary
Virginia Cooper	Treasurer
Kate Lapinsky	Reporter
Francis Moriarty	Yell Leader

SENIOR B

Harold McLaren	President
Josephine Vincent	Vice-President
Walter Blair	Secretary
Harry McDonald	Treasurer
Leta Adams	Reporter
Alber Dahlstrom	Sergeant-at-Arms

JUNIOR A

Leland Upton	President
Victor Jensen	Vice-President
Virginia Ellis	Secretary
Harold Linney	Treasurer
Edward Perry	Assistant Treasurer
Gertrude Byler	Reporter
Arno Hammer	Sergeant-at-Arms
Francis McKay	Yell Leader

JUNIOR B

Maude Russell	President
Thomas Reed	Vice-President
Dorothy Farr	Secretary
Wallace Burch	Treasurer
Emily Acord	Reporter
Albert Koentopp	Sergeant-at-Arms

SOPHOMORE A

Crystal Reeves	President
Leon Woodrow	Vice-President
Bernice Jones	Secretary
Annie Smith	Treasurer
Neal Smith	Sergeant-at-Arms
James Hanifen	Yell Leader

SOPHOMORE B

Orville Ihlan	President
Ruth A. Smith	Vice-President
Harry Ebbelwhite	Secretary
Marie Lieb	Treasurer
Ward Parker	Sergeant-at-Arms
Paul MacMaster	Yell Leader

FRESHMAN A

Albert Collins	President
Gilbert Bean	Vice-President
Bertha Fitzsimmons	Secretary
LaVora Anders	Treasurer
Francis Riley	Reporter
Henry Burchem	Yell Leader

ATHLETICS



Woodward Says Farewell

A. C. Woodward, former physical director of the North Central, was selected for the position of director of all recreative athletics at Bremerton Navy Yards, Puget Sound, by Walter Camp, director of athletics of the United States Navy Yards. He has the title of aide to the commandant, with the rank of captain.

During his five years' stay in North Central, Mr. Woodward was unusually successful and, at the same time, universally beloved. His efforts as physical director bore fruit not only in all branches of athletic sports, but also in the improved physical condition of all

boys who came under his direction. As basket-ball and track coach he was preeminently successful, never losing a basket-ball series, winning all relay races in which he entered a team, and losing but two out of the five track meets in which he competed.

Besides gaining these professional successes, he numbered all who knew him among his friends. Teachers, students, and townspeople equally regretted his departure, all feeling, however, that he acted wisely in accepting a larger opportunity for his usefulness, and all confident, moreover, that he will perform his new duties with honor. North Central's best wishes attend him!



North Central's Champion Football Team

By Edwin Anderson

The football season of 1917 was a success and a credit to North Central. Our boys won a clever victory over the heavier W. S. C. Freshmen. By persistent fighting and a stubborn defensive we made a touchdown and a field goal, holding the Freshmen to one touchdown. Although defeated at Walla Walla by that high school, it is not to be considered a blot upon our football escutcheon, for the team put up a hard battle and were beaten by a better team. On October 26, we met and conquered our Lewis and Clark rivals, bringing home the pigskin for the fourth consecutive victory. The Orange and Black put up a good tussle, but lacked the power exhibited by the Red and Black. Twice North Central crossed their goal line for touchdowns, also scoring by way of a cleverly executed dropkick.

The season's scores:

N. C.10	W. S. C. Freshmen..... 6
N. C.10	Walla Walla27
N. C.16	Lewis and Clark..... 0

THE FIRST TEAM

Samuel L. Moyer. To Mr. Moyer goes the credit for the victories of the football team. He is the one man that made a successful team possible.

C. W. Hawes. An able assistant to Mr. Moyer, added "pep" to the squad and greatly aided in developing the team.

Hugh Richardson (Huge), Captain, left tackle, a dependable player and always in the game. Third year on the team. Awarded tackle position on the All-Northwest High School Mythical Eleven, officially selected by George Bertz of Portland.

Julian Rouse (Toddles), Captain-elect, quarterback, shows real ability to run the team and can carry the ball when called upon to do so. Second year on the team.

Percy Low (Perk), left end, a good

tackler and runs down punts well. First year on the team.

Robert Irvine (Bob), right tackle, showed himself to be a fighter both on offensive and defense. Second year on the team.

Thomas Wayne (Tom), left guard, a hard man to get out of the way and opens up the holes well. First year on the team.

Harold Hanley (Bones), right end, a deadly tackler and handles forward passes well. First year on the team.

Edwin Melin (Ed), right guard, a scrappy player, always in the game. First year on the team.

Donald McPhee (Scotty), right halfback, can be depended upon to make yardage and plays a fine defense. Second year on the team.

Edwin Rathbun (Ed), center, passes the ball well and plays a hard game. First year on the team.

Wayne Hall, left half, a steady half and carries the ball well. Second year on the team.

William Grieve (Bill), center, handles the ball well, should go good at center next year. First year on the team.

Deane Richardson (Dean), halfback, speedy and carries the ball well. First year on the team.

Leon Woodrow (Woody), halfback, plugs the line hard and tackles the same way. First year on the team.

Ralph Christie (Christy), fullback, hits the line hard. First year on the team.

Marsten Nelson (Mart), tackle, plays a consistent game and fights hard. First year on the team.

Maurice Jackson (Mory), manager. Well liked by the squad, always on the job, a manager of real ability.

Raymond Fallers (Ray), end, a good end, tackles well and plays a hard game. Second year on the team.

BASKET BALL

The basket ball season opened December 7, 1917, and closed January 7, 1918, each team playing seven games. The schedule was confined to class games, as no outside contests were arranged and the annual clash with Lewis and Clark was declared off, owing to the lack of gymnasium facilities at the South Side school.

Although the interest ran high and the games were hotly contested, the Junior B's furnished the sensation of the season by winning the championship without losing a single game. The Sophomore A's and Senior B's, who disputed the title to the finish, played in excellent fashion. The Freshmen B's, upsetting the dope, finished in the first division.

The final schedule follows:

	Won	Lost
Junior B.....	7	0
Sophomore A	6	1
Senior B.....	5	2
Sophomore B	4	3
Freshman B.....	3	4
Senior A	2	5
Freshman A	1	6
Junior A	0	7

DR. NEELY IS ARDENT FAN

Dr. J. T. Neely deserves to share the glories and honors that are bestowed upon the players and coaches of the various branches of athletics. Besides being interested in athletics he is an ardent booster of the Red and Black. He is always with the team, caring for any injuries and cheering the boys with a pleasant smile and word, sharing their trials and joys as a team-mate would.

CROSS COUNTRY RELAY

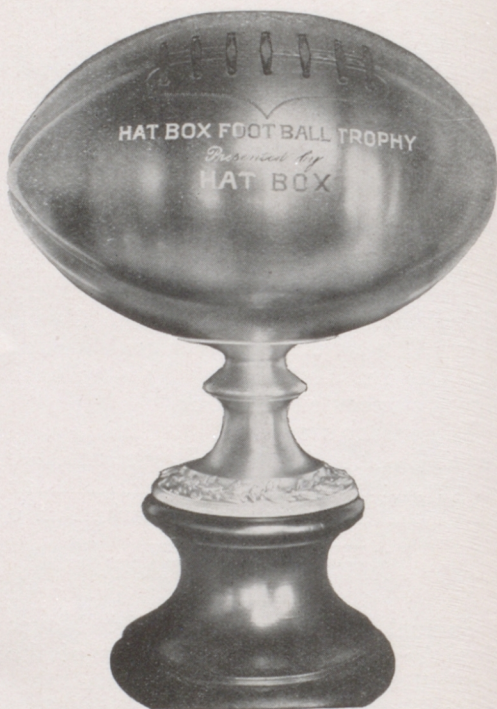
The annual inter-scholastic cross-country relay, November 16, was won by Lewis and Clark, 19-36. Although defeated, the boys did their best and gave all they had for North Central. Next year we hope that our boys will bring home the small end of the score.

The following received letters for win-

ning places on the cross-country team: Swank, captain; Clark, captain-elect; Simpkins, Burch, Hellan, M. Jackson, W. Jackson, Lipscomb, Daniel, and Williams.

THE HAT BOX TROPHY

The Hat Box Trophy is now the permanent property of North Central. The Red and Black has had it in its possession since it was first offered for competition by winning three consecutive



games from Lewis and Clark. But the trophy stands for something more than winning games; it signifies superiority, both physical and mental, grit and perseverance, and the overcoming of weaknesses and defects; it also shows a development of unity, the result of heeding the advice and instructions of the coaches.

She: "I'm going to give you back your ring. I love another."

He: "Give me his name and address."

She: "Oh, he's bigger than you."

He: "I don't care. I want to sell him the ring."

Class Basket Ball Captains



Back row, left to right: Duerfeldt, Manager, and Moody, Freshman B.
 Middle row, left to right: Perry, Junior A; Irvin, Junior B, and Davis, Senior B.
 Front row, left to right: Woodrow, Sophomore A; Chamberlain, Senior A; Lindlahr, Freshman A, and
 McMasters, Sophomore B.

Winning Volley Ball Team

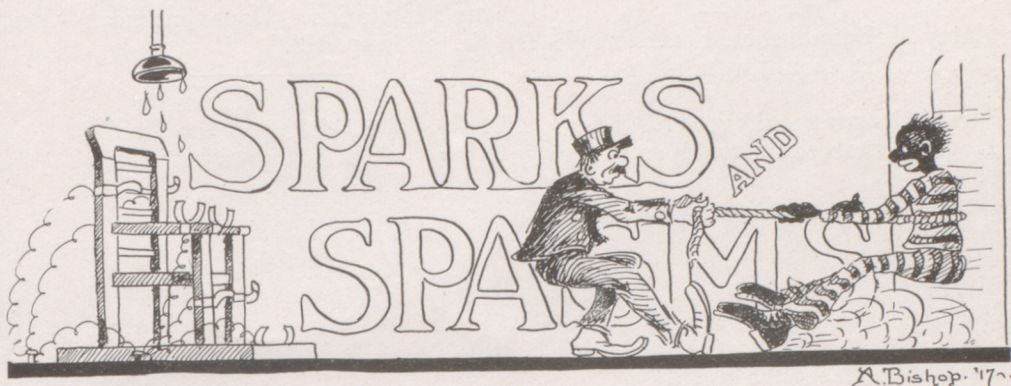


Cross Country Runners



Football Squad of 1917





MISINFORMATION

Mr. Misinformer:

If a bachelor is single without a wife,
When he is married does he lead a double
life? —Mr. Tydeman.

* * *

Plea?e ?ir: The letter ?—I mean the
fir?t letter in the word ?andwich, blaw?t
it! The nineteenth letter in the alphabet
i? bu?ted on my ?mith typewriter. What
do you advi?e?—Kate Lapin?ky.

If you mean the letter "s" is broken,
why not say so? We advise getting the
typewriter repaired.

* * *

Straight goods, now, what's the best
thing for a bald head?

Yours truly,

Nude-on-the-Head.

The best thing, honestly, is a wig.

* * *

Question Editor: Is it true that whis-
key is a medicine?—A. B. Stainer.

In Washington and other Prohibition
States it is.

* * *

Sir: When in a dry town, how can one
get a "Smile"?—T. Hursti.

Go into a drug store and make a "rye"
face.

* * *

Sir: Is a non-puncture tire a new in-
vention?—A. J. C., The Demon Driver.

No, A. J. C., Xerxes had a pair on his
4-norse Chariot Special.

* * *

Sir: Who invented wrist watches?—
O. Rioux.

The Fiji Islanders, because they had no
pockets. If you ever saw a Fiji Islander

you would understand why they had no
pockets.

* * *

Sir: Can you tell me why so many
women leave their husbands, and vice
versa?—Mr. Nesbitt.

To avoid living with them. Ask us
something not so easy.

* * *

Dear Sir: Would you mind telling me
how hash is made?—New LeWed (alias
Mr. Rhodes).

Hash is never made; it is accumulated.

* * *

Sir: Why it is that chemists can't ex-
plain why cold cash always burns a hole
in one's pocket?—R. A. Lower.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

(Profuse apologies to "Dud" Upton)

A woodchuck isn't made of wood, and
neither is a woodcock?

* * *

The ptarmigan is a ptarnation queer
ptribe of bird; it's ptantalizing pto pthink
of such a ptopping game bird and not pto
have a ptarmigan for the ptable?

* * *

When a girl has too many fellows on
a string the weight of affection is likely
to break it and leave her without any?

* * *

If all the beads, jewelry, and orna-
ments worn by girls in "Khufu's Daugh-
ter" were placed end to end, they would
reach from N. C. H. S. to Hat Creek,
Wyoming; the total value as computed by
experts from Woolworth Stores is placed
at \$3.74, or an average of .000000000013
to the piece?

WHAT IF—

Harry McDonald should lose his voice?
 Mr. Strieter should wear a quiet neck-
 tie?
 Mr. Tydeman should get cross?
 Hugh Richardson should stop grow-
 ing?
 Bertha Keller couldn't put her hands
 in her pockets?
 Miss Fargo should spring a joke?
 Harry Acord should work?
 Ed. Anderson should use his letter him-
 self?
 Pete Higgins should blush?
 Mr. Nesbitt should not smile at the
 girls?
 Miss Peckham couldn't dance?
 Mr. Rice should get sore?
 Miss Broomhall should forget her sense
 of humor?
 Olive Johnson should appear in the
 halls without an escort?
 The "Freshies" should take their own
 seats in convocation?
 More students should make the ac-
 quaintance of the joke box?

WANTED

Quiet Neckties—Francis Moriarty.
 Six pairs "tame" sox—Hubert Jones.
 A pair of dimples—John Culliton.
 Jokes, youth not necessary—A. J. Col-
 lins.
 Recipe for reducing—Esther Hocking.
 Some man to murder 33 girls the 6th
 period—W. F. Tydeman.
 Synonyms for "quietly" and expediti-
 ously—R. T. Hargreaves.
 Words of not less than 36 letters—
 "Cop" Daniels.
 A growth stimulant—J. Tewinkle.
 A book on how to make speeches—
 "Katrinka."
 More fields to conquer—"Pete" Hig-
 gins.

IN THE NEWSPAPER

Johnnie: "Pa, it says here in the paper
 that a man down to the hotel was shot in
 the lobby. Where's a man's lobby, pa?"

"Pa, here is a story of a boy that went
 fishing and his mother spanked him on
 his return. Pa, does that mean the place
 he sits down on?"

"Pa, it says here a man sat down on a

lady's invitation. Does that mean—Yes,
 sir, I'll keep still."

MY EPITAPH

We worked in the "lab"
 Till a quarter of three,
 Mixed N A L
 And a part of C.

We labored hard
 Without a halt
 And when we'd finished
 We had some salt.

I sampled our salt
 When put into bread.
 (My friend wrote this,
 Because I'm dead.)
 —Deane Richardson.

* * *

BEFORE

There are meters of accent,
 And meters of tone,
 But the best of all meters
 Is to meet her alone.

AFTER

There are letters of accent,
 And letters of tone,
 But the best of all letters
 Is to let her alone.

* * *

"What are you knitting, my pretty
 maid?

She purred, then dropped a stitch;
 "A sock or a sweater, sir," she said,
 "But darned if I know which!"

* * *

If all the land were water,
 If all the lakes were ink,
 And all these jokes were twice sub-
 merged,
 They'd still be dry, I think.

* * *

A MERE SUGGESTION TO FRESHIES

Twinkle, twinkle, little hair,
 How I wonder what you 'air'?
 High upon the lip so brave,
 —Why in the dickens don't you shave?

* * *

Where, O, where is my little dog gone?
 The butcher has got him, I'll bet.
 No! I heard them say, "It's a meatless
 day"—

So I guess he is living yet.



TO THE YOUNG
men and women who
graduate from North
Central at the end of this
semester, we extend hearty
congratulations and our best
wishes for happy and pros-
perous careers.

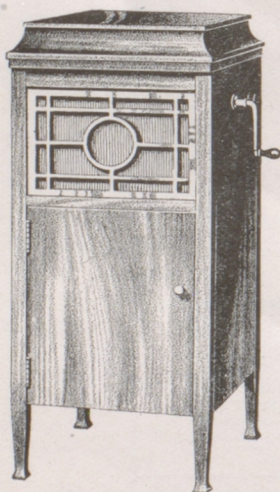


BLACK AND WHITE

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and
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Them
Correctly*



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Spokane's Leading Furriers

Riverside and Lincoln

Opp. Post Office

CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 27)

cause. Being Seniors, a large number from the Class took leading parts in every line of patriotic activity, and the Class may feel justly proud to know that it has made some sacrifices for the country's welfare. Indeed, the Class has set a splendid example to its successors in these days of national stress.

On the night of January twenty-fourth, 1918, Principal R. T. Hargreaves, granted passports to Ambassador Hugh Richardson and to the members of his embassy. It was the solemn severance of active relations, inasmuch as the passport compelled immediate departure. Thus four years of close relationships and associations passed away and the History of the Class of January, 1918, ended.

Signed:

GEORGE MATSUDA,
NELLIE GOWER,
ETHEL ROGELL,
LAMORA McDONALD.

Right Now

Is a Good Time

to

Join the

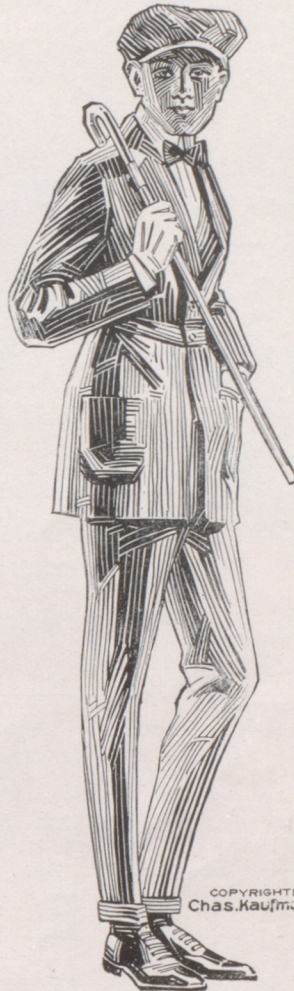
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Ask for Information

at the

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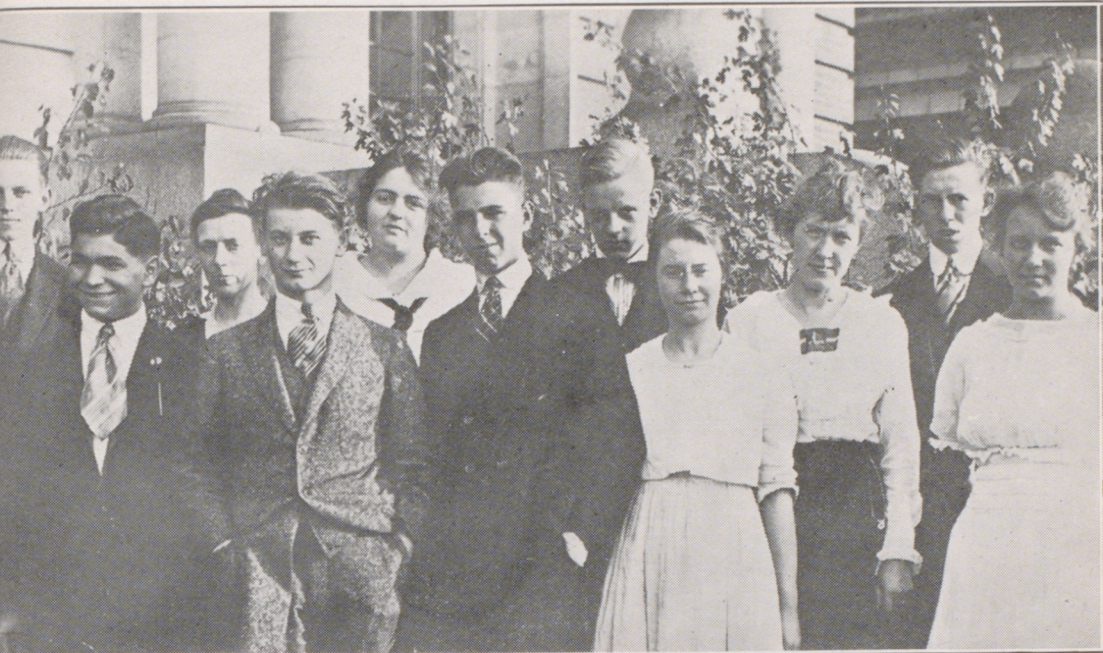
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"KHUFU'S DAUGHTER"

(Continued from page 56)

Egyptian Dancers—Grace Benefiel, Louise Bullivant, Margaret Ellis, Greta Whiteside, Doris Layman, Bertha Keller, Verna Johnson, and Gladys Ammerman.

ORCHESTRA

Violins—Francis McKay, Eleanor Robinson, Robert Green, Marian Boysen, Alta Keough, Juanita Frederick, Merle Roots, Charles Hop-

per, Florence Waterhouse, Ava Williams, Bonnie Brown.

'Cellos—Harry Lucas, Gilbert Robinson.

Second Clarinet—Lorin Markham.

Horn—James Sutherlin.

Flute—Richard Bemiss.

First Cornet—Guy Winship.

Trombone—Vaughn Boyington.

First Clarinet—Otto Sperling.

Second Cornet—Gilbert Scriven.

Drums—Gerald McKinney.

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W. E. SAVAGE

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Prescription Specialist
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CLASS WILL

(Continued from page 29)

sen do we bestow Kate Burkhart's and Edna Robinson's abundant tresses, with the advice that if used on dark nights they make good headlights.

To Mr. Collins, we leave a subscription to "Vanity Fair" for one year, in order that he may delight his classes with a new joke.

To "Toddles" Rouse, Cecil Nottage leaves his artistic ability, in order that he may "camouflage" our goal line in all future football games.

To "Cop" Daniels, we bequeath Ralph Christy's lovely pink blush, to be used in "getting across" in his speeches.

To the highest bidder among the Freshmen, Charles Nash bequeaths his "star grades in everything."

We bequeath Homer Eggerth's 6x10 suit case, containing "six reasons for everything," to Nadine Sims to give her a new supply of excuses with which to baffle her teachers.

To Victor Jensen, we leave La Verne Peterson's style of hair dress.

To Mr. Bonser, we leave Cavour Robinson's scientific information concerning a species of being called a "Lady-bug."

To Mr. Ramsey, we leave one pair of detective rubbers to assist him in rounding up absent quantities—those careless students who fail to leave their marks on the blackboard.

To the students of this institution, we leave our picture, to be given a place of honor and prominence in the hall, and to be reverently gazed at by all comers.

To North Central, we leave our faith and trust in the boys who are representing us in our struggle against autocracy.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We hereby subscribe our hand and set our seal this twenty-third day of January, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Signed:

CLASS OF JANUARY 1918.

Vivian Cupernell,
Irene Terry,
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For Ladies and Gentlemen

A CONVALESCENT'S ROMANCE

(Continued from page 47)

meant to coax him back to health, how she meant to make a pleasant home for him, so that she might help to build up her nation, France. She showed him tenderly that his duty was to go back to his home, to the girl that he had left, and to grow strong under her care, so that he could help America and France in the days to come.

She was gone. But he still heard her words and they did not stop ringing through his brain even after he had left France and had come home to his mother, where he found the girl of his earlier choice waiting for him.

Time passed, and though they lived happily together, he never forgot, yet never told, of the brave little French nurse and her inspiring words.

A SONG, A DANCE, AND A FLASH

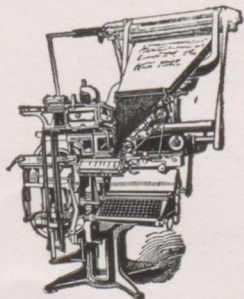
(Continued from page 68)

you scums of the desert!" (You all guessed correctly. 'Twas C. Olin Rice who spoke.)

Then, under the direction of the man on the ladder, each twisted himself into some grotesque position, looked as unnatural as possible, and the "big flash" was taken.

WE SET THE TYPE

For this issue of "The Tamarack" and
"The North Central News"



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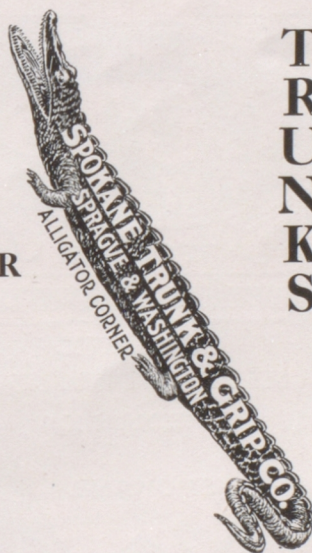
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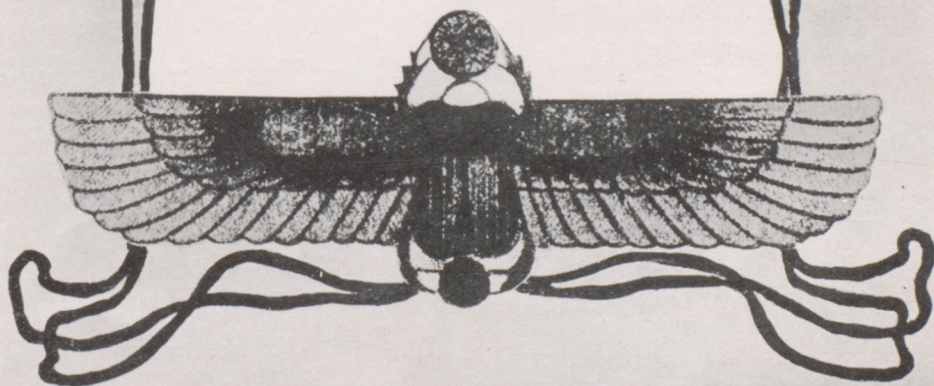
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"FIRST AND TEN"

(Continued from page 49)

inable. When they collided they were on the edge of the river. Jack was on top. The man began to struggle and kick, but the football player held until the rest of the pursuers came running up. A moment later his father dashed up in his runabout and helped the men secure the prisoner, and then picking up the satchel opened it and exposed to view several large bundles of currency.

"But it came mighty near not being here," spoke up one of the men. "If it hadn't been for Jack, that man would be on the 'draw' now."

The banker had not seen the tackle, but it was eloquently described by an eye-witness. He had been a college man and knew football, and when he told the story, he painted the great flying tackle in a way no ordinary man could have done.

That night at the dinner table, Mr. Nelson said, "Jack, I guess there is some use in football; you had better turn out to-morrow night. We'll take that camping trip next summer, you've been wanting." Then chuckling to himself, he said, "I guess the directors will pay your expenses."

NEWSPAPERS POPULAR

The changing of the monthly "Tamarack" to the weekly "News" is an indication of the general trend of school publications toward the newspaper form. The larger high schools seem to be leading the way, although some of these retain their monthly or semi-annual editions to meet a certain demand which the news weekly cannot supply. This is especially true of Eastern high schools where the enrollment is larger. In our own state, Everett, Wenatchee, Lewis and Clark, and North Central are leaders in high school journalism. Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, of the coast schools, still cling to the monthly periodicals.

Student: "What is an eating 'joint'?"
Miss Broomhall: "A leg of mutton."

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M. M. HIGLEY, President
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OUR NEW TEACHERS

(Continued from page 63)

Davis in the Chemistry department, is assistant coach to Sam L. Moyer. He is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, which was evident from a recent speech of his about the respective merits of the Illinois and Wisconsin football teams.

Miss Marguerite Motie, who does not appear in the picture, is a Spokane girl, strictly, having been graduated from the old Spokane High School. She later attended the University of Washington, and the Northwestern School of Oratory.

Miss Fargo: "Elwin, what are you looking for?"

"Cop" Daniel: "A United States History."

Miss Fargo: "What do you want to look up?"

C. D.: "'Bones' Hanley says 'Tim' Riley pitched for the Nationals last year, and I want to find out if he did."



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Boys
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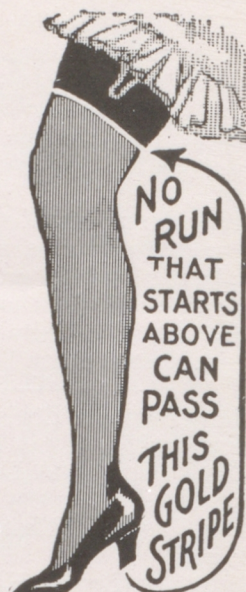
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Spokane's Own Piano Store

DEBATE AND ORATORY

(Continued from page 80)

as great as that under the old Tri-League will be offered the thirty boys now signed for the season.

The Oratory this year enters upon a new era because it has been placed under the direction of one teacher. The purpose this year has been to develop new talent and a Freshman Oratorical Contest has been staged with great success. The speakers had good speeches and delivered them in a praiseworthy manner. Out of a large field of contestants Del Cary Smith, Jr., won first prize and Paul Coughlin, second.

Closely following this was a new contest held under the auspices of the Swedish Order of the North Star, to which only Juniors and Seniors were eligible. Walter Blair, Harold McLaren, Margarette Woodland, and Kate Lapinsky were chosen in the preliminaries to participate in the final contest.

The finals were held under the auspices of the Swedish Society, December 26, 1917. Prizes of \$7.50 each were awarded to Harold McLaren, who spoke on the subject, "Where Economy Ceases," and to Kate Lapinsky, whose oration was entitled "The Woman's Call." Lewis A. Harding coached the contestants.

Other contests which will soon follow these are those customarily held. Among these are the Jeffersonian Contest, the Walla Walla Declamation Contest, and a possible Sophomore Oratorical Contest.

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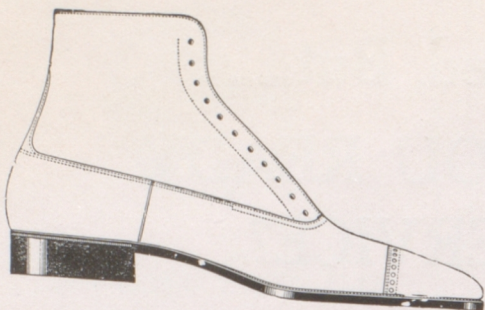
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Did you ever see a kitten licking at its pause?

* * *

Did you ever hear a pussy willow purr?

Were you ever bitten by occur?

* * *

Did you ever see a clothes-horse eating hay?

Did you ever see a tiger kneel to prey?

* * *

Do the legs of a stove refuse to walk?
Or a politician's hobby ever balk?

* * *

Does an ant have uncles in its hills?

Or a regiment send its colonels to the mills?

* * *

Does the Spokane River have sheets upon its bed?

Or the Mississippi wear a night cap on its head?

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SPOKANE

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
North Central Tamarack

Vol. IX.

JANUARY, 1918

No. 1

MISTRESS MARY—QUITE
CONTRARY

By Katherine Drummond.



MARY BURTON turned an inquiring glance at her room-mate, as the latter burst into the room like a whirlwind and deposited her books on the table with a thump.

"What's up now, Rose?" she asked a little anxiously. "Did Teeth find out about our party? She hasn't expelled us, has she?"

"Bless you, no. Listen, Mary. I've got a bid to the concert Friday night! Guess who. I know you can't."

"Bob Lane?"

"That nut! I should say not. Mr. Bertram Holmes, if you please. You needn't sniff, young woman, you'd be pleased as punch, you know you would, even if you do pretend to hate him."

"Why Rose Sheldon!" exclaimed Mary, indignantly. "You know I hate him. He's the most insufferably conceited person I ever saw."

"Oh, I know how much you hate him. Yes, indeed! Why did you cut his picture out of the paper? And is it because you hate him that you walk half a mile out of your way every Sunday morning just on the chance of seeing him? You can't fool me."

Mary did not deign to answer. Resentment at, and interest in, Bert Holmes were about even, both dating from the day when he, a Freshman in the neighboring college, had referred to her as "that Burton infant." She was fifteen then, and ever since that time her best sarcastic efforts had been used in saying

insulting things about him to Rose, who quite openly admired him.

To be sure he was as handsome as it is good for a man to be, although when talking to the girls she "did not admire his type at all." He dressed well, almost to the point of being a "dude," and he played football. In short he was all that the most particular little Miss could wish for.

"Won't the girls be excited about it?" she asked, after a minute or two. "Are you really going, Rose?"

"No, I am really not, but you are."

"Me!"

"Yes, you, but you needn't murder the King's English about it," said Rose serenely. "I said I'd go, but I can't. Please, Mary, dear, say you'll do it. I was so surprised when he called up, I said 'Yes' before I thought. You can wear my new suit—and—"

"I absolutely will not do it," said Mary, with unexpected firmness.

"Oh, Mary, please! I'd do it for *you*. We look enough alike to pass for sisters. Everybody says so. Bertram will never know the difference. He never did notice us. He thinks we're mere infants. The only reason he asked me, anyhow, is on Sara's account. You know that 'be nice to little sister' stuff. I'll do that awful 'trig' lesson, if you do," she added craftily.

"It's impossible," said Mary, beginning to weaken.

"You can wear my new hat and suit, and you'll have an awfully good time. Think what fun it will be to tell the girls about the wonderful Bertie! What a lark it will be!" added Rose persuasively.

"It would, but—"

"Oh, you're a dear, Mary. I knew you'd do it." Rose hugged her, considering the matter settled.

Friday night came, and Mary, attired

in her room-mate's smart suit, and snug, be-feathered little hat with its close, turned-down brim, looked remarkably like Rose.

"There, you'll pass," said Rose from her observation seat on the bed. "Our mothers might tell us apart, but Bertie—never! 'Ta-Ta. Joy go with you!"

Bertram sprang up as Mary entered the room.

"Well, bless me!" he cried untactfully, in fat-uncle style. "This surely can't be little Rose. You're quite a young lady."

"People do grow up," Mary observed with dignity.

"Well, Miss Rose," began Mr. Holmes, after a long silence as they started out, "when does the class play come off?"

"Next month, I think," she answered.

It was her turn to say something. She could think of nothing.

Silence.

"How are you getting on with your painting now?"

"Painting?" she replied, "I don't paint."

"Oh, I thought Sara said you were quite an artist."

"R—oh—I mean—well, if you call it painting, all right, I guess," she floundered.

Another long silence. What on earth did people talk about anyhow? Mary never had any difficulty with boys—they were human. But men—. Every minute she hated him more.

"Do you go to the city often?" Bertram inquired, determined to get her started.

"Quite often," she returned briefly.

After several more attempts, Mr. Bertie lapsed into silence. Heavens, what a bore this was going to be!

Mary stubbornly refused to talk. She hated him, so why bother to be agreeable? Her eyes danced! She would punish him now for that remark about "that Burton infant." She didn't want to talk and she wouldn't, so there! What a dull evening Bertie would have!

Deep and profound silence.

Suddenly it occurred to her that she was Rose and not little Mary Burton. Would Rose maintain this dumbness? Most emphatically not! No man could

silence Rose, from Emperor Wilhelm himself to a heathen Chinese.

Mary looked up at her escort and dimpled.

"We're having a Quaker meeting," he laughed, evidently encouraged.

"No, a Society of Friends," she returned demurely. Once started, it wasn't so bad.

"Your little friend, Mary Burton, is an awful pretty girl, isn't she?" he asked.

"Well," said she cautiously, "being such a dear friend, my opinion would naturally be somewhat biased."

"You know," said Bertram again, "you're smaller than I thought you were. Sara said you were taller than she, but I don't believe you are."

On the whole Mary had rather a hard time of it. She had thought she was rather familiar with the Sheldon's family history and relatives and she hastily agreed that her cousin Dave was very handsome, and had a fine voice. But who was he? Surely Rose would have mentioned such a handsome young cousin.

After the concert Mary was in a hurry to get home. She was tired of fibbing.

"Hello, Rose," she heard some one exclaim, as they were detained by the crowd at the door. "Why, it's Mary Burton! I didn't know you in Rose's things." Mary glanced up and saw to her dismay a group of girls from school. Of course, Bertram Holmes, who was directly back of her, couldn't help hearing. She flushed uncomfortably. What would he think of her? Well, she didn't care what he thought.

He probably has his opinion already, and besides—yes, of course she hated him.

As they reached the door he bent down and whispered in her ear.

"I knew all the time you were Mary Burton."

And with that particularly nice smile which a few older girls knew he added, "And I'm glad you are."

And Mary thought that sounded nice and not at all like "that Burton infant."

Boy (to Dad): "What is the plural of spouse, Daddy?"

Dad: "Spice, my boy."

JACQUES

By Carl Hansen.



IN A little village in Eastern France evening was falling. The peasants paused a while from their labors to uncover, and reverently bow their heads in prayer, as the distant angelus sounded. Then, weary with toil, but glad of heart, they trudged homeward.

Among them was Jacques, tall and muscular in stature. He was of German descent, his parents having emigrated to the fertile fields of France shortly after the War of 1870. Though brought up among the French, he still retained a warm affection for the German cause. When the storm broke, with his little wife, Lavonne, and their child, he refused to flee to safety.

Within a few weeks the German hordes were streaming in. Endless columns passed, seizing every town, village, and hamlet along the line of march. Martial law in force, all adult males were deported to work in the coal mines of Germany to meet the emergency caused by war. Among the deported was Jacques. Torn from his home and family and everything held dear by him, he felt a deep, unrelenting hate for the oppressor.

In the dangerous mine, overworked and underfed, Jacques became weak and sick at heart. Relief soon came to him in the form of an accident. Under guard, he, among others, deported, was caught in a cave-in. He was taken to a hospital, badly injured and his memory gone.

Week after week, he lay on a cot unable to move. Gradually, however, he began to recover. His memory gone, he passed the time conversing with the other German soldiers who had been wounded at the Western Front.

They told him strange tales of deeds of heroism, and of the wonderful spoils of conquest. He learned to befriend them and help them by doing small fa-

vors during the time he was convalescing.

The hospital was a large one, filled with hundreds of wounded, who arrived daily and left as soon as they had sufficiently recovered. Many there were who came, never to leave. At night they would cry out in agony; then silence would fall. In the morning black screens would appear around many of the cots. Jacques knew the signs, and he cursed the enemy who had brought such an end to so many brave men. He soon became popular, and was called "Fritz" by the inmates.

More men were called to the front. They must have Paris. Many men, still weak, left the hospital. By obedience they had learned to love the Fatherland and that love was strong within them. "Fritz" went also.

They were piled in crowded cars and rushed away to end the war, as they thought. They were in good spirits. Some were playing cards and drinking. Others were singing. "Fritz" sang with them, unwittingly following the steps of his father, who in 1870 had trodden the same path.

A few miles from the front the train stopped, and the men were put in camp for a short training, preliminary to joining the forces at the front. There they could hear the big guns roaring incessantly, except for short periods at night when there were lulls in the fighting. "Fritz" was eager to fight and chafed under the strict drilling. There were a few who hung back. They had been there before.

When the order came to advance to the front, a shout arose from the men. Joy was in "Fritz's" heart. He was to have his fling at the abominable foe.

Life in the trenches was miserable. The war was being carried on by the heavy artillery in the rear. The strain was unbearable and "Fritz" recklessly exposed himself. He escaped unhurt, being rescued by his comrades.

One night the French charged. "Fritz" and a few others went "over the top" to meet them half way. It was a severe, hand-to-hand conflict. "Fritz" grappled with a burly Frenchman. With fixed bayonet "Fritz" lunged, cursing

the while. He let his bayonet eat flesh and a thrill of exultation swept through him. The animal was uppermost within him and he rushed to meet more of the enemy, but as the attack had already been repulsed, he went back to the trenches again.

A few days later a retreat was ordered and the retiring army passed through luckless towns, laying waste and devastating all. One night they happened to pass through the little town of Epernay. Sweeping through the town, they applied the torch to every structure, and in a short time the flames were licking up the walls, lighting the sky, and casting strange shadows. In the semi-darkness, grotesque figures stumbled on among the falling buildings, carrying their remaining belongings. They were the stragglers, the former inhabitants of the village, now homeless.

A falling wall struck "Fritz" and, staggering a few steps, he fell and lay quite still. It must have been hours before he recovered consciousness. Slowly his senses returned. He was no longer "Fritz," but Jacques. All the forgotten past loomed before him. He looked at his uniform in astonishment and his hate of the Prussian race sprang up anew.

In the light of the morning, he recognized some of the fallen buildings as the once familiar houses of the village. There were the ruins of the old church still smoldering! Other buildings were just beginning to blaze. Evidently the army had not yet evacuated the town.

He knew the place well. Surely Lavonne could not be far away. He assayed to walk and stumblingly felt his way homewards. A few officers, bearing torches, saw him and paused to stare and grin at him. A few rods from his home he fell and could go no farther. The house was in flames. The officer who had kindled the blaze stood outside witnessing the fruits of his labors. Lavonne was appealing to him and fell upon her knees in despair, whereupon he rushed into the burning structure and presently returned bearing a child upon his bayonet. With cat-like fury Lavonne flew at him, catching him by surprise.

Jacques, who had seen all, struggled

to his feet. He knew she could not endure long, and he fervently prayed that he might be granted strength to reach her. He saw the officer reach for his automatic and level it at Lavonne. Uttering a growl, Jacques leaped at him. But the officer had fired!

All of Jacques' pent-up wrath put strength into his muscles as he closed with the officer, struggling to grip his throat. He cried like a child, kicking and biting. At last his fingers found their mark. The officer fought fiercely, but he knew it was the death hold, and in a few moments his eyes took the glassy stare of the dead.

In the morning, the French came and found the usual atrocities and devastation. They could easily guess what had happened. Before the ruins of an humble cottage lay a woman and a child, and two men—the one with his hands frantically clutched about the other's throat, but with a smile of satisfaction on the face of one. Shrugging their shoulders, they passed on to view more of the work of German "Kultur."

A PATRIOTIC TOAST

By Bonnie Brown

*Here's to the chap, who's gone for the scrap
In the land that is far away
For the one he loves, in the home he loves
In the dear old U. S. A*

Though chances are strong, if the struggle be long,

*A martyr to freedom he'll be,
To show he was fit, when he did his bit,
In the battle for liberty.*

Here's to the boy on the good ship ahoy!

*Of the "U"-infested sea,
To the boy who gave all, when he answered
the call,
As he joined the big melee.*

He's the patriot-breed, that sprang from the seed

*Deep planted in sixty-two,
The kind of a lad, that's cold when he's mad,
And American through and through.*

Mr. Tydeman: "Gertrude, please turn on the electric current."

Gertrude B.: "I'm afraid I'll get shocked."

Mr. Tydeman: "You shouldn't be shocked so easily, Gertrude."

ON THE CINDER TRACK

By Beatrice Warner.



IN THE dressing rooms at Overhurst the popular mania seemed to be a desire to talk before the other fellow had finished. Groups everywhere were discussing the chances of the home school against Parksdale in the annual meet. The score as figured out by the Overhurst "Journal" had made them the winner by quite a margin, but there was only a possibility that the final score would agree with it.

Jack Danver sauntered over to where Stanton leaned idly in the doorway, jabbed his ribs vigorously and asked, "What d' you think of it, you old pessimist?"

"Not thinking at present," grunted Stanton, without bothering to shift his position.

"Say, what's got into you lately? You look as glum as a funeral! Ever since you fell out with Winstan you've slumped, and if you don't look out you'll lose this afternoon. You can't afford to do it. Why, man, you know to-day's winner in the mile will have next year's captaincy cinched. Wake up to the fact that you're alive!"

That last remark about the captaincy had the desired effect on Stanton. He and Winstan, his room-mate, also a runner, had quarreled over an unimportant incident with that effect on Stanton. Neither had spoken since and both contrived to be absent from their rooms as much as possible when the other was there. Too proud to apologize and too stubborn to consider himself wrong, he had gritted his teeth and vowed to win that race if only to put the captaincy out of Winstan's reach or to win it for himself, and that was the end toward which he worked as he plodded untiringly around the track every day. Danver saw a glint of purpose in his eyes as he answered,

"I'm going to win that race, if I die doing it."

"That's the stuff! Now let's watch the hurdles."

Overhurst came out ahead in that event. Over a score-keeper's shoulder Stanton saw the score as it stood, Parksdale—25, Overhurst—22. The short distance, record-time dashes had nearly tied, the shot-put favored Parksdale, while the hammer throw had tied. Then Overhurst's crack pole vaulter sprained his ankle and Parksdale won three of the eight points Overhurst had figured on out of the possible twelve points. After the half-milers the score stood, Overhurst—27, Parksdale—29.

In the dressing room where sweaters were finally thrown off and the athletes were limbering up for the mile the coach gave a little customary advice.

"You've all seen the score and you know that if we're to win you've got to win seven out of those ten points; and you've got to run some to do it. Those Parksdale fellows aren't to be easily beaten. If looks aren't deceiving, they have the speed. The endurance part of it remains to be seen. Right through you'll have to follow a stiff lead. Single out your man and follow the pace he sets, and when you see a safe chance run like scared cats, but don't run yourselves out too soon. Save some wind for the finish. That's all I have to say."

He drew Winstan aside. Stanton loitered behind the other fellows to catch his words, untying and tying his shoe lace.

"Winstan, look out for Colby. Keep your eyes open and don't let him fool you."

When they crouched on the line Stanton singled out Colby and decided that if he was to be beaten, he himself would beat him. The starter's revolver cracked and eight figures sprang forward, Stanton well to the front. As advised, Winstan found a place behind Colby and Stanton fell in at his elbow.

Once when they bumped together Winstan looked at him for a moment, and he stared back as impersonally as he would at any stranger, but Winstan's look puzzled him. He tried to explain it and failed, so he forced himself to quit thinking and look over positions. For the first thirty yards Danver was in the

lead, followed by a Parksdale second. Behind Stanton, two Parksdale men and an Overhurst fellow were fighting it out. When Danver sprinted Colby reached second place with Winstan close behind him. When they crossed the line and started on the first lap Stanton heard a Parksdale man drawing slowly up behind him. A suspicion arose in his mind as to this fourth runner. Perhaps Coach Rand was wrong. "Looks as though he's made of the right stuff," he mentally observed.

Colby had taken the lead when Danver and the opposing man fell back and soon Gregg, who was behind Stanton, quickened until he ran even with Winstan. Plainly the race was between the four. As Stanton drew up to Winstan another glimpse of his face disturbed him. He began to wonder if he were not wrong and ought to apologize.

When the third lap was started, Colby dropped back and Gregg took his place. The coach had not said Colby was the fastest runner, as Stanton had thought. He had said, "Don't let him fool you." Winstan had been fooled and he realized it too late. Stanton thought it time to act a little, and the spectators went wild as he lunged ahead and slowly put a gap between himself and the runners behind. He knew he could still let out some reserve speed and he did. Behind him Gregg and Winstan were fighting it out, but he ran on and on until a foolish thought came that the end of the world must not be far off. He became aware that some one was gaining on him. Over his shoulder he saw Winstan closing in behind him, Gregg and Colby contesting third place and the others far in the rear.

As he ran even faster he wondered if Winstan was thinking of winning. Did Winstan want the captaincy as much as he did? He was not quite so certain as he had been a short time before. On the fourth lap he hugged the inside of the track and sped on. He was vaguely aware that the crowds along the track were shrieking wildly and gesticulating meaninglessly. "Why don't they keep quiet!" he muttered disgustedly. But Winstan had drawn even with him and together they ran on, struggling for the lead. Stanton was breathing freely and

running easily, but beside him Winstan was gasping and almost stumbling.

Down the home stretch they raced, shoulder to shoulder. The wind made his eyes smart so that he shut them. When he opened them again he missed Winstan's shoulder, but behind him his panting told plainly how nearly played out he was.

The tape was ten feet away and the crowds had, to all appearances, lost their senses. Then they held their breath as Stanton's foot turned, and he stumbled. Winstan lunged forward just as he did, toward that little white line and the friends waiting to catch him. They saw Stanton carried off the track very limp, but not quite as limp as Winstan, and he apparently knew nothing until he opened his eyes in the dressing room while Rand was rubbing him vigorously.

A half hour later he walked out into the open, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. It was no disgrace to be beaten, he reflected.

Ahead on the corner he saw a familiar figure. It was Winstan. He started to pass on. Winstan, however, put a hand on his arm and walked beside him.

"Wait a minute, I'm coming, too."

"Well?" inquired Stanton.

"Don't look at me in that tone of voice," grinned Winstan. "Congratulations."

"Say, cut out the old stuff. My skin's not too thick for that to get under. I may be dense but it's beyond me to see why you did it. That race was yours from the start and you know it. That was a clever stumble. Say, what made you do it?"

"Oh, er—aw shucks, I had to get revenge some way and then it saved me an apology. I guess I was wrong."

Winstan grinned broadly. "So revenge is the big idea, eh? But you haven't slipped anything over on me. That captaincy is going to be tacked on to you whether you want it or not. Of course I know you don't want it."

"I should say not! You couldn't sell me a job like that now if you could get one every day on sale two for five," said Stanton, his grin threatening to reach his ears.

"Say, you were meant to be a Tore-

dor, the way you throw that noted animal of the Spanish rings. But you're in for it now and you'll have to take it. There's my side of that score to settle, you know. Congratulations, Cap'n!"

"Ditto."

"You made me run so fast to keep up with you I beat Denman's record of last year by ten seconds, but now it's dollars to doughnuts you make it look like a rag next year."

"Aw, shut up," and Winstan dodged a cuff.

"But that was awfully decent of you Stanton. You know the captaincy could easily be yours."

"I don't want it."

"Get out!"

If it had been becoming for Juniors to scuffle on the street it is hard to foretell what might have happened, but as such a course did not seem fitting, they walked on.

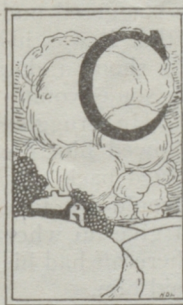
"Let's have a blowout and invite the fellows to help celebrate."

"You're on."

And they entered the nearest store to invest to the last cent in indigestible "eats" to break the long fast of training table food.

A MARINER, AN ALBATROSS, AND A MACHINE GUN

By Donald Rule.



CAPTAIN CATLIN, to all outward appearances, stood rigidly at attention, but inwardly he was throbbing with an irrepressible joy. He was to accompany a bombing expedition over the German lines.

Captain Catlin, in peace times Jack Catlin, was an American boy, who had come to France shortly after that country had become engaged in the war, and after many attempts had enlisted in the French aviation corps. After leaving the French training schools, he had served a year in the Parisian Air Guard, and then had been advanced to the position of captain and placed at the front. No wonder, then, that when he

had left the dull work near Paris and had received a real assignment in his first week at the front, he should express his approval by a loud shout.

As Jack walked briskly over to his speedy Nuiport, to oversee the preparations for the flight, the Commander of the section allowed himself a reassuring smile. He knew that Jack would "make good."

Five bombing machines and as many scout and defense planes were to make up the expedition, and soon the roar of their motors drowned all other sounds on the field. After a quarter of an hour of tuning and testing, the planes were hauled out of their sheds for official inspection. Then, the order being given, one after another, they rose into the air.

They climbed by wide easy spirals to a height of ten thousand feet, and there arranged themselves in battle formation. Then a gradual climb was made, so that when they passed over the batteries directly behind the German lines, they were well above the sixteen thousand foot level.

In order that the swifter defense planes might not draw away from the bombing machines, it was necessary for them to do various circling maneuvers. While on one of these maneuvers, Jack passed through a dense cloud and so cut off his view of the squadron. He did not notice this, however, for at the moment he emerged from the cloud his attention was attracted by a swiftly growing speck in the distance.

He was becoming more and more interested in the distant speck, when above the roar of his own motor, he heard the familiar sound of a machine gun, and on the tip of his right plane several small holes appeared. Glancing over his shoulder he saw a German Fokker drop in a nose dive and start on the loop that would place him again in firing position. Realizing the need for immediate action, he threw his control lever far forward, thus hoping to double back in a short loop and overtake the German. With his hand on the gun lever and his eye squinting along the sights, he swung downward. Just as his plane started on its upward arc, the enemy plane appeared directly in range and Jack pulled the

gun-lever. Scarcely four hundred feet away the Fokker left the arc of its loop, shot straight upward, and then losing headway, started on its dizzy drop to destruction. Its pilot had been shot through and through.

During this brief battle, Jack had entirely forgotten the speck in the distance, but his attention was forcibly brought back to it by the appearance of a German Albatross scout plane not three-quarters of a mile away.

As the Albatross approached, Jack swung his Nuiport into a sharp climbing position. His new opponent did the same. Both planes climbed at the same rate and at the last moment each was forced to swerve to one side. A second and a third time the planes strove for the upper position, but each attempt ended as had the first. Seeing that it was impossible to gain advantage over his opponent by climbing, Jack sought for other methods of attack. He tried every trick of which he had ever heard. He flew upside down. He flew in circles. He flew sharply up or he shot straight down. He did the loop. He swung in dizzy spirals. He whirled. He dipped. He turned. He did his best but all to no avail, for his opponent was as skillful as he.

Only one thing remained—the corkscrew; he would use it. As his opponent swung about for an attack, Jack shoved his control lever far forward and hard to the left. This action put him into the famous French corkscrew and he shot downward through space much as a maple-seed sinks twisting to the ground. Seeing that his opponent was following, he righted his machine, flew in a short circle, and went forward in position with his hand on the gun-lever. Scarcely two hundred yards to the front the German was descending in a terrific nose dive and a moment before he registered in the sights, Jack pulled the lever. There was a loud explosion, a wing doubled back, and with a pierced petrol tank, the Albatross fell in a mass of flames.

Jack sat transfixed, but only for a moment, and then with some incongruous thoughts of the "Ancient Mariner," an "Albatross," and his machine gun, he turned his plane after the expedition and a hunt for more adventure.

"SCHERETOFF"

By Margaret Beard.



SCHERETOFF was a "war dog" and a very faithful and courageous one, too. He worked on one of the battle fronts in France and, after the German guns had ceased their firing, Scheretoff and his companions always

came to bring aid and relief to the suffering and dying soldiers.

One morning when the German guns were quiet, except for an occasional stray shell, Scheretoff walked slowly out upon the field on his errand of mercy. He felt old and tired, as if he could not work much longer. This was strange, for before he had always felt strong and eager for work. But he quickened his steps. He must not falter.

He trotted forward and was not long in finding someone in need of aid. The soldier was unconscious and unable to use the supplies carried by Scheretoff; so he seized his cap and set off in search of a surgeon.

He passed by a small gnarled tree, the only bit of verdure left by the destroying firing of the big guns. Suddenly he heard a shot and felt a sickening pain in his side. He staggered and nearly fell. He thought that it was indeed a cowardly thing to shoot a dog just because he was aiding some wounded soldier out on the field. He struggled on to the surgeon and showed him the cap and together they started back. At each step he thought he could not take another, but he could not give up when the soldier might die. Scheretoff had his cap; no other dog could aid him.

At last they neared the field. Scheretoff could see afar the bodies of the dead soldiers. Now he could see the soldier whose cap he had. Would they never reach him? The field seemed to stretch on—far, far away. Then he staggered, and with a soft, little moan, like that of a child in pain, fell dead at the feet of the surgeon.

Are all heroes human?

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